

THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of *The Living Age*, 15 cents.

TWO SONNETS FROM SULLY PRUDHOMME.

I. THE STRUGGLE.

Nightly tormented by returning doubt,
I dare the Sphinx with faith and unbelief;
And through lone hours when no sleep brings relief
The monster rises all my hopes to flout.
In a still agony, the light blown out,
I wrestle with the Unknown: nor long nor brief
The night appears, my narrow couch of grief
Grown like the grave with Death walled round about.
Sometimes my mother, coming with her lamp,
Seeing my brow as with a death-sweat damp,
Asks, "Ah, what ails thee, child? hast thou no rest?"
And then I answer, touched by her look of yearning.
Holding my beating heart and forehead burning,
"Mother, I strove with God, and was hard prest."

II. THE APPOINTMENT.

'Tis late; the astronomer in his lonely height,
Exploring all the dark, descries afar
Orbs that like distant isles of splendor are.
And mornings whitening in the infinite.
Like winnowed grain the worlds go by in flight,
Or swarm in glistening spaces nebular;
He summons one dishevelled wandering star;
"Return ten centuries hence on such a night."
The star will come. It dare not by one hour
Cheat Science or falsify her calculation;
Men will have passed, but watchful in the tower
Man shall remain in sleepless contemplation.
And should all men have perished there in turn,
Truth in their place would watch that star's return.

Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

IF.

If where thou walkest, dear, we too could walk,
Close in the footsteps of our little saint,
Now, on this earth; and hear the angels talk,
Living this very life (without life's taint);

If, where thou goest, we could also go,
Calm in the heavenly places, waiting not
For death's enfranchisement to overthrow
The world in us, with every flaw and blot;

If thy small hands that late were clasped in pain
Could clasp us every day to God and thee,
Drawing us childwards, heavenwards again
By their mere whiteness, everlasting—

Then, humbled and consoled by so much grace.
We might less hungrily desire thy face.

Elizabeth Rachel Chapman.

MOON MAGIC.

One day, when Father and I had been,
To sell our sheep at Berwick Green,
We reached the farm-house late at night,
A great moon rising round and bright.

Her strange beam shed on all around,
Bewitched the trees, and streams, and ground,
Changing the willows beyond the stacks,
To little old men with crouching backs.

To-day the sun was shining plain,
They all were pollarded willows again.
But at night—do you believe they're trees?
They're little old men with twisted knees.

Lady Tennant.

THE CHANGE IN POLITICS.

Mr. Lilly's recently published book, *Idola Fori*,¹ has suggested to the writer of the ensuing pages, not only a number of special and detailed points which it has moved him to consider, but also the nature of the time in which a book of the sort could be produced; for it is the mark of the work that side by side with a criticism of modern democratic theory which has often found expression, there is also a repeated demand upon the mind of the reader to consider political problems apart from their supposed necessary modern division into a democratic and an anti-democratic aspect.

Not only does the book make this demand, but it is characteristic of the moment in which we live that it deliberately raises and discusses questions which, were we to follow political labels (especially the democratic and anti-democratic ones), we should think already resolved one way or the other, and having so raised them, debates rather than concludes upon them. This is notably the case where Ireland is mentioned in Mr. Lilly's book, and it is again discoverable in his just statement of the contrast between the true organic product of social forces and the mere mechanical resultant of numerical consultations of the electorate.

In general, the whole book is symptomatic of something which everyone is feeling to-day, and expressing with more or less pertinacity and more or less exactitude, according as his inclination or his profession may lead him to the examination or to the description of the thing; and that thing, that phenomenon, is the change in the spirit of English politics.

¹ "Idola Fori," an examination of seven questions of the day. By William Samuel Lilly. Chapman and Hall.

The sense, more or less developed in all of us just now, that not so much the formal party arrangement as the spirit of English political life is changing, is finding expression not in the Press—which should be its chief vehicle—but rather in conversation, and in that part of conversation where men most reveal themselves, in the tone of voice, and the choice of new phrases.

The opposition of two set opinions, championed by two picked teams of men, is no longer the subject of politics in men's minds. All the machinery that went with that older method, and which we still call the Party System, is no longer of interest. There is a different tone abroad, and it will be of a deep interest—perhaps it will turn out to be something more practical and perilous than a mere interest—to watch the rapid development of this spirit.

It has appeared somewhat suddenly, though it was long preparing. It is now in full evidence, and the clearer observers of it must hope that in spite of the disturbance it will cause it may ultimately prove of permanent advantage to the country. That it should so prove from the fact that it stands for a truth and a reality, all would be agreed. But meanwhile there are some departments of the national life in which, though the change of which I speak is essentially good, its immediate effects are deplorable.

In the first place, it is rapidly bringing into contempt the reputation and the public position of politicians; that, even as a passing phenomenon, is a disastrous thing to any country, but particularly to a country of aristocratic institutions. When men become persuaded that those who, nominally at least, are the guardians of the public weal, and who in the eyes of the many

are regarded as its only guardians, have not the dignity of their office but merit disgust or contempt, it is an evil thing for the State. It is especially an evil thing for the State if this conception of its public men springs up in a polity naturally dependent upon the few, and trained by its historical development to demand leadership rather than to develop corporate initiative.

Now, that the recent change in English politics has gravely affected the reputation of political leaders, there can be no question whatsoever; by which I do not mean any particular or personal reputation, but the general confidence and enthusiasm which their political leadership once of itself evoked.

The policies which politicians have recently defended or opposed have been so numerous, so rapidly adopted and alternatively abandoned, they have been debated with such transparent advocacy and with such equally transparent insincerity, that the political leaders to whom the task (perhaps an ungrateful task) has fallen, have shaken the traditional confidence which their mere titles of office used to inspire. It has come to this, that a leader has but to propound a policy, from no matter what quarter of the House of Commons, and the public immediately suffer a sort of reaction and ask themselves, not "What is the value of this policy? For what national reasons was it adopted?" But rather, "What object had this or that man, or this or that group of men, in appearing as advocates of this policy?"

Of course, an admixture of such suspicion has always been present, and must always be present in political life; so long as political life is open, so long must there be debate: so long as there is debate so long must there be division and a preponderance of opinion upon one side or the other; so long

as there is debate and division, so long must men group themselves under a discipline more or less stringent, whose object is the achievement of major results through the sacrifice of minor differences. So long as such groupings are necessary, leaders must be found for them, and these leaders will owe their position to their power of persuasion. Therefore, in every age of debate a proportion of suspicion or of railing has attached to men who, from their very position, could not but be partial advocates, and necessarily mouth-pieces rather than men of personal initiative.

But the characteristic of that particular change of our own day which I am here discussing is that this proportion of railing and contempt has risen to a degree that is not healthy for the commonwealth. Men do not only say (as they have always said) that the politician upon this side or that has in view some useful compromise when he uses such and such an argument; men go so far as to believe that the advocacy is merely advocacy without any principle whatever behind it; they are not surprised to see a direct revolution in a particular man's policy take place within twenty-four hours, and again another revolution within a month. Where railing and a sort of good-humored cynicism used to be the salt of our political affairs, they are rapidly becoming the very taste of the whole dish.

As has just been said, this evil, the public contempt for political men, does not fall particularly on the leaders of any quarter or group in the House of Commons. In witness of its generality we may point to the strong criticism—which was a very real and recent one—directed against the Irish leaders' support of the whole Budget; to similar criticism proceeding from the rank and file of labor against the leaders of the Labor party, and notably

against the sudden change of front of Mr. Barnes in the first part of last session upon the matter of the House of Lords. In the case of the two historic parties, the spirit of which I speak is too conspicuous now to need any example.

This degradation of public position, we may repeat, is a perilous and an evil thing. Even where it does not degrade the man who holds such a position (whether it is on the nominal "Opposition" bench or on the salaried "Government" one), it degrades the place itself. No one who will consider what has been timorously written, and much more boldly said, during the last few months, can deny this. The "Leaders" no longer stand for any definite policy: their subordinates defend or oppose nothing till the word is passed. The public ridicule their indifference and secret alliance—and that is the first evil.

There is a second immediate evil resulting from the change. The machinery of public life (a machinery necessarily attached to all political action, and particularly complex in an ancient State which can boast beyond any other the continuity of its institutions) is distorted and rendered inefficient.

It is not a small matter that things should be so. In all times the dead and imperfect mechanical action by which the effects of political life must move, have lent themselves to satire and to fiercer condemnation. You get it just as much under the autocracy of Louis XIV. as in the decline of the French Monarchy in the last third of the eighteenth century. It never fails to appear in the recurrent democratic experiments of great States, and it is equally present under the most typical forms of a pure oligarchy. But in just proportion and degree, this proper human corrective of a limited and blundering human thing does not harm the

State. Satire and condemnation only begin so to harm it when the whole working of the traditional or acquired machinery of political life jerks and stops, and sometimes runs backwards, under the influence of too violent a public suspicion. That is what is beginning to happen now in England.

Men may for some generations have laughed at the ambition of politicians, and have ridiculed the insincerity of their professions, but they have not despaired, as they now frankly despair, of seeing the popular demands at the polls and at election meetings carried into practice on one side or the other. The public respect for a representative position, and the private ambition for it, which was often and justly jested at for its savor of snobbery, has turned into a sort of disgust at a position which is no longer really representative at all, with the result that all the main rules of political action as we have inherited them, notably the great traditional methods under which debate in the House of Commons is conducted, have lost their vitality. We still speak of a Ministry "responsible" to the House of Commons; we still point out in text-books that "a majority of the House of Commons" is the master of the Executive; but we have now known for too long, and are beginning to say very clearly, that these words no longer correspond to realities. The Executive is independent of a true majority of opinion within the House—and all the world knows it. The further and graver thing which many know, and which all will know to-morrow, is that the Executive itself is but a word, and corresponds but imperfectly to any reality: that the real forces of Government lie behind the Cabinet, and consist in an understanding between certain Ministers and their nominal opponents and in the orders of other men whose financial or political

power is not concerned with the House of Commons and who heartily despise that assembly.

There is a third immediate evil resulting from this change in our politics; the solution of certain very pressing problems is delayed and sometimes despaired of. Men feel that there is no way of expressing through the nominal party divisions their desire to debate and to solve in a practical manner a number of great questions which are the pressing questions of the day. Public defence falls into this category, and to some extent public finance. The co-ordination of the whole scheme of national education is in this category, and so is a long series of points, each perhaps of less magnitude than defence, finance, or education, but collectively making up the chief matters upon which the nation is interested, and is, outside the official political field, debating and considering.

Let us turn now to another consideration. This change in politics is certainly present, we all feel it. Can we analyze it, or at least set down its most prominent characteristics?

These characteristics, perhaps, are most nearly defined as follows:—

In the first place, we have everywhere what may be called a more *multiple* expression of public debate and opinion. It is not a more *complex* expression, for there is not the friction between its parts, nor the difficulty of disentangling them which is the essence of complexity. The word "multiple" may be advisedly used in connection with this aspect of the matter; it represents its character more nearly than could any other word. Not only has the number of public subjects upon which debate is really concerned increased, but the details of each point are seen in their true relation. Of what this character may be the effect we cannot pause here to discuss. It

may be, as some believe, an increased and more intelligent reading; it may be (as is more probable) the fact that so many of the old major questions are settled and that a host of lesser ones have therefore assumed their present importance; it may be that the increasing activity of modern life, its more numerous functions and its closer interplay, have bred this result; but in any case it is certainly there.

Men do not now divide, as they once divided, upon certain main principles which necessarily set them into two camps of positive and negative. Rather do they agree upon the principles of this or that reform, rather are they spiritually at one and diverse only in their tactile methods of application.

This was clearly seen in the public attitude towards the reform of the Poor Law, in which we must count the inauguration of old age pensions. Indeed, so strong was the spirit of the change in this case that the public agreement was even reflected in the House of Commons. Men feel the same thing to-day in many other departments of public discussion; they feel it in that most important of all problems, the settlement of Ireland. You will not find black and white in the conversations of men to-day upon this matter. You will find an astonishing proportion of agreement upon certain principles which in one aspect are a satisfaction of the Irish demand for justice, but in another aspect a satisfaction of the English demand for peace at home as a basis for international security.

You will find a spirit of the same sort upon the minor and material, but very immediate, question of municipal trading. Men do not fiercely deny, on the one side, all right of the municipal community in a great modern city to organize certain great economic departments; nor do they, on the other,

stand out for municipal collectivism. What they do to-day, after so many years of experiment, is to debate with practical knowledge, and after weighing results, in what department and to what extent common municipal action is of advantage.

There must be many, especially among the older men, who may regret this aspect of the change; but upon the whole it is a good one. It corresponds very much to the way in which sane men debate the affairs of ordinary life, or at least debate those policies the immediate and material effects of which they will feel. There are, indeed, in public life as in private, great crises in which the very fundamentals must be settled once for all, nor is it ordinarily debate which decides them. But these once decided, and unity arrived at, it is upon the details that the individual within his own mind, and the private citizens in their local discussions, must decide.

When, therefore, this spirit of detail and of practical application is apparent in the affairs of the State, it is, if it follows the settlement of main principles, a healthy and not an unhealthy sign.

The present writer would be the first to admit that the very greatest questions of our time have by no means enjoyed such a final decision. Religion, which is the first, fundamental social organization which is the second (and which is the result of religion), we have yet to settle by methods more awful than any methods of debate. But as contrasted with our old political divisions now sinking into rest, the details to-day debated in the Forum (not, unfortunately, in the Senate) are of a supreme interest, the pretence at main issues which in the Senate (and not in the Forum) make such a noise, are out of place and ill-judged. For instance, no one now in England hates a peerage because it is

something "feudal." Nor is it something feudal: yet your Commons man, in the House, in the Press, at the hustings, has ridden the word "feudal" to death.

The second characteristic of this marked change in English political life is an abiding sense of what some men would call the peril, others the gravity, of the situation of England.

When the partisans, or rather the advocates, have played out their artificial terrors and their equally artificial self-congratulations, when the one has represented English trade as disappearing and the other has assured the millions who starve that they are rich because imports have risen, the sense of England may be heard discussing something very different, to wit, the undoubted transformation of England's economic position. She is not, and apparently cannot be again, the workshop of Europe. She may become more and more the bank or the carrier; it may be well slightly to check, though certainly not to destroy, her development upon this line, or, again slightly to cherish though certainly not ephemerally to excite her productive capacities. Men who say real things (and all men say things real in proportion to their knowledge, unless they are paid in some coin for talking otherwise), say that certain of the industries of Britain, now immensely flourishing, are threatened in the near future either by a calculable and approaching change in demand, or because they are geographically absurd and await a disastrous competition the moment inherited skill has been acquired elsewhere.

We have the same sense of peril or gravity present when men, not politicians, discuss the social equilibrium of England. We who are outside the professional political world, that is some millions as against a few dozens, know very well that the proportion of

Englishmen who suffer a gross insufficiency of nourishment and shelter, and a still grosser insufficiency of security in their lives, has long been intolerable and is growing. And the gravity of this problem (or the peril of it) utterly transcends the noisy debates upon party remedies. It is no wonder that men here look anxiously to detail and weigh experience rather than listen to Hanky who tells you that Free Trade (which we have had for sixty years) will settle matters, or to Panky who simply negatives Hanky and shouts a bald "No" to the other's "Yes," without the capacity to produce a protectionist scheme.

The same sense of peril and of gravity men feel in the military situation.

All the tradition and inherited attitude of the English depended upon a sea-power held at a time when the narrow seas were not so very narrow, when the handling of a ship meant the advantage of the wind, and when gunnery, if it was superior to that of the foe, was overwhelmingly superior. That tradition was further based upon the conception that commercial adventures over-sea were no more than commercial adventures, from which Englishmen could if they chose withdraw into the impregnable fortress of England. Finally, it was based upon the certitude that a strong agricultural domestic population, side by side with men engaged for a wage from the best fighting stock in the islands (I mean the hills, whether of Scotland, or Ireland, or of Wales), was to hand for military expeditions. Such expeditions, small in number, were distinguished by an ignorance of surrender, by an astonishing steadfastness, especially of infantry, and by a harsh discipline which the old social conditions of this country were (perhaps unhappily) able to enforce. English opinion nowadays knows very well that all those things have changed. Gunnery

differs by very little—at least, as between the truly maritime Powers: it is not overwhelming upon either side. There is still the handling of a ship, but it is a mechanical handling. It is foolish to talk nowadays of a blockade. The narrow seas are very narrow indeed. An expeditionary force, of such a sort as might be useful to a Continental ally, does not exist.

Behind all these points in which peril and gravity are felt, there lies, of course, a much greater matter: the whole national attitude towards life: the national philosophy and morals. These also are not without concern for the generality of men; these also have their part in that change in the spirit of politics of which I have spoken, though it is only when the professional politicians happen to be silent that one can hear the nation debating such things.

Lastly, we may notice as a characteristic of the change—not the most important characteristic by any means, but perhaps the most striking one—a change in the subjects of debate. Englishmen concern themselves with those matters which I have just mentioned—and certain others. They are ill-at-ease with regard to a number of primary institutions. They are considering the ancient Christian institution of indissoluble marriage. They are concerned with property, its limitations and its rights—and that not at all in the same way as the politicians are concerned with it. The things that divide men are not the things that divide the nominal political groups, if, indeed, we may still say that those groups are divided at all. For though there are real divisions, even in the House of Commons, there is no one left so innocent as to believe that any line of division runs between the two Front Benches.

And here it is that we must turn to that aspect of our subject which is the

most threatening as it is the most immediate. Almost in proportion as public debate undergoes this change of which I speak, the old political machine seems to glory in its unreality, and to mistake the brittleness of its aged bones for hardness. Almost in proportion as private debate among citizens becomes more real and more earnest and more multiple, almost in that proportion does the House of Commons debate become more unreal, more vapidly positive and negative, and more grotesquely simple. Almost in proportion as men—upon details, it is true—eagerly weigh out the real advantages and disadvantages of something proposed, almost in that proportion do the politicians develop into mere conventional advocates of “cries.”

It has been well said by a contemporary wit that if such and such a “leader” upon the one side of the Speaker’s chair were to propose the hippopotamus as an object for admiration, citing his undoubted bulk, his abstinence from flesh meat, and his love of cleanliness, the said politician’s brother-in-law, or nephew, or first cousin, or former private secretary, or sister’s son-in-law (being a nominal opponent), would fly to an encyclopaedia to discover all that could be said against the harmless beast—as, for instance, that his head was too big.

It is true to say that not a single one of the rocket-like proposals which have been shot into the sky by the politicians in the last five years, but has been ably and diversely debated by public opinion in a manner the very opposite of that which the politicians expected.

Take the latest of them, the Referendum. What may be said for and against this organ in a State: how it may apply to a small, and with what difficulty to a large, community; on the other hand, how in a large community it provides a check which is not needed

in a small one: its probable cost, and yet on some occasions the value obtained for that expense; its particular advantage in particular crises (which are cited from the past), and so forth—all these you may hear quietly and reasonably discussed on every side in private. But to hear the politicians one would imagine that the one set had held it from all eternity to be the fundamental remedy for all political ills, while the other set you might think to be long convinced opponents of that scheme. To each it is quite novel and to each—save for its effect on their present fortunes—indifferent.

And so it is with the House of Lords. What may be said in favor of it, that it is an ancient national institution, that a Second Chamber is necessary, that it corresponds to many things still real and dear to England; all that may be said against it, its anomalous rights, its spasmodic and, upon the whole, undemocratic action, and above all, its base modern method of recruitment—these are debated among citizens. They are not debated by politicians.

A politician personally and directly responsible, known by the whole public to be responsible for the common sale of a peerage, will spout some nonsensical diatribe against “the Lords” as if they were a maleficent and inhuman order of beings different in species from their nephews, sons, and brothers in the House of Commons. The heir to a peerage will lend himself to the absurdity; or some man who is only on the Front Bench because he is related to the peerage, will denounce the Upper House in a manner which the public does not heed except to be a little ashamed of it.

Conversely, the defence of the institution is undertaken by other politicians as though the public had neither ears nor memory nor the art of reading, nor even that more useful art of

putting two and two together. Such men talk of the value of ancient lineage in the same breath as they advocate the extinction of the hereditary principle. They speak of the Second Chamber as a beautiful because an ancient and "feudal" thing in the same breath as they point out its recruitment from men who have rendered real service to the State—no matter of what birth—and even its recruitment from men who have rendered none or who are only there because they have failed. Nay, in defence of what could be so well defended, and is so well defended by your private man speaking privately with his friend, the politician will drag in the solid achievement attached to the "governing" a colony or being the Lord-Lieutenant of a county!

It is sometimes argued that this orgy of advocacy by the politicians, while it has become ridiculous in the eyes of all, is not an evil; or at least, that it is no more an evil than the same quality, when it was present in a lesser degree a generation ago, was an evil in what was then a secure social and international position. The argument will not pass. Nay, it does not pass with the ordinary man; it is not listened to. We all know that this false attitude of the politicians to-day is something worse and more menacing than anything in the past: it is a great and a pressing evil.

We have seen at the beginning of this that the change has been of very evil effect upon the public conception of political office.

It is of further evil effect upon the character of political men themselves, and this is not without weight when we consider that to those characters is entrusted the management of the State. A man cannot affirm a thing with passion in December, and deny it with equal passion and in equal detail next June, without the rapid alternation of

the current having some effect upon the fibres of his soul. Such alternations openly and honestly undertaken in the courts or on the stage, are said to be of doubtful effect upon those who suffer them; when a pretended sincerity accompanies such quick changes, nay, a supposed enthusiasm for fundamental political right, they cannot but be degrading. It has a peculiarly evil effect upon those who do not yet enjoy, but who hope to enjoy, the great salaries attached to office if they are poor, the power attached to it if they are wealthy. It has achieved so final and destructive an effect upon representation that perhaps representation may be said to have died, or, at any rate, to have swooned. The mass of lesser politicians under its influence has simply ceased to consider not only their particular pledges to their constituents, but what is more important, their general attitude at the polls. As for honor . . . !

Upon the Press, which was, and still should be, a capital organ of national expression, the party machine and its divorce from national life have a disastrous effect. It simply means that nothing can be properly discussed or upheld upon either side that has not been proposed by the professionals of this highly profitable game; in other words, it means that the opportunity for national initiative is cut off. Nothing perhaps was more deplorable in the late elections than to see the Press shouting itself hoarse over issues upon which the public was mildly indifferent, silent upon debates which the public were seriously engaged in, and even (to quote a detail of which the present writer was a personal witness) describing as a public meeting full of conviction and zeal what was in reality a jaded and, as it were, compulsory gathering, whispered to by a worn-out politician who was obviously eager for nothing but repose, and addressed him-

self with drooping gestures to a small hall but half-filled. This comic adventure was in the Press of either "party" extolled by the one as a gathering of frenzied Jacobins eager for the destruction of the State and inflamed by a furious demagogue, by the other as a sort of shrine wherein an inspired leader called down the Spirit upon crowded thousands, ravished with the hunger and thirst after Justice.

The worst effect of this divorce between the professional politicians and the people, is perhaps in the province of those things said to be "above party." Those are the things which a free, deliberative assembly, representative of the English people, should discuss with an especial freedom and care and at an especial length. Foreign politics are of this kind, and India is of this kind. All wise men say "Heaven defend us from letting the House of Commons deal with foreign politics or with India." But why? Not because there are not present in the country a great number of men experienced in Indian affairs, nor a great number of travelled and well-read men experienced in the diplomacy of European capitals, but because it is well known that once the House of Commons—in its present condition—touches either business, it will give us nothing but the tomfoolery of a sham party warfare, dangerously enlivened by the antics of enthusiastic but ignorant and irresponsible men.

One is tempted to ask at the close of a consideration of this contrast between the change that is passing over the politics of Englishmen and the clinging of the politicians to their old trade, whether perhaps the politicians will learn wisdom in time and will give us back an efficient organ of representative government?

Against so desirable a result may be quoted these points:—

First, the acquired power of money.

There is a vested interest in the Party System: in getting a rich man's son upon the Front Bench, in the bestowal of peerages for services that can only be rendered by the wealthy, in the granting of honors to the owners and therefore the directors of the Press. Again, there is the very strong inducement of the man who has entered the career as a profession to continue in it. It is a profession in which a man who could not command £10 for his services in a given time elsewhere, can command a hundred with a proper expense of patience, intrigue, and subservience to public and to private insult.

Again, there is the whole vast machine, the caucus, upon either side, which hides the professional politicians from the people and which, every time the electorate see their Members gathered at Westminster, tells it that these gentlemen are the "freely chosen representatives of the people." There is not in England any class that knows less—other things being equal—of the English people than the professional politicians. Their comments in the lobbies are amazing; the unpopularity of the clauses they will introduce into a Bill, quite innocently and even just before a by-election, is stupefying. Moreover, there is not, either in English tradition or in actual political machinery, any opportunity for popular and general initiative.

On the other hand, we may say in support of those who hope for some change that shall bring the party machines into some sort of touch with English opinion, and for some reform that may remedy their hopeless corruption and inanity; first, that mere necessity will do it, that so grotesque a contrast between the politicians and the nation cannot—especially after the experience of the past few months—continue. The breaking point has been reached.

Secondly, that the professional politicians themselves are so surrounded by the talk of their own social class, of that majority of their own class which is in touch with the people and is not "in" politics, that they cannot but mend. For there is a public opinion in the small, rich circle in which the politicians move. It is not as vital as the great public opinion outside, but still it possesses a vitality and a conviction far superior to that of mere party men.

Thirdly, there is the possibility, though only the remote possibility, that so many men shall enter the House of Commons independent of the Whips as

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may split the fossil from within. Ten would be enough: at present there are not two.

No Conference, no scheme of secret coalition, still less of open coalition (and an open Coalition Government was the general talk before the elections), will bring English opinion back again to the House of Commons, or purify the game and the machine. Such changes would come, of course, at once as the result of a military disaster; but that is not the sort of medicine for which men who understand the present international position of England and her defences will be ready to pray.

Hilaire Belloc.

CARILLON MUSIC.

The sound of bells has been called the "laughter of music," but there are times when it is the lamentation thereof and each far-flung note is a tear of melody. Indeed, it is the one or the other—or neither, but something between laughter and lamentation, according to the listener's mood—and it would perhaps be better to define bell-music (as we know it in this country) as a heavenly accompaniment to earthly emotions. The old monastic leonines, hexameters broken twice or even thrice with double rhymes,

*Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, con-
grego clerum;
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa de-
coro;
Funera plango, fulgura frango, sab-
bata pango;
Excito lentes, dissipo ventos, paco
cruentos . . .*

sum up the medieval functions of bell-music, work out this definition in detail, and, at the same time, convey an impression of the solemn aerial cadences. It is true that we, living in an age of little faith, no longer toll our

great bells or *signa* (as they are styled in monastic records) to break the powers of the lightning, or to disband the storm-winds, or to drive away an epidemic of disease. Nevertheless, we might set our bells to some of these antique tasks without incurring the scorn of scientific observers. After all, the booming of great bells might be as effectual in dispersing a gathering storm as is the firing of the wide-mouthed noise-guns which are used in southern wine countries to prevent the destruction by hail-fall of the ripening grapes. The wise old Benedictine monks, the only scientific farmers of their age, knew that the air-quakes caused by an "Abbot of the Bell-tower" were an antidote to the sudden devastating storms of summer and early autumn. And in the same way the bluish reeking mist that was the visible contagion of the plague in the Midi and in Italy might be dissipated. And there is no sound more beautiful, more reassuring, than that of a great bell tolling steadily through the clamor and clangor of a thunderstorm. Once and

once only have I heard this tremendous omen—on a summer evening in Oxford many years ago, when Great Tom of Christ Church was sounding his solemn curfew as a thunder-storm passed down the deserted river. There is no finer bell in England, a country famous for its *signa*, and his profound voice, which has been heard far beyond the limits of his county, seemed the cause of the storm's departure. Lewis Carroll, who often counted the strokes of this traditional curfew in the vain hope that the total would some evening fall short of the statutory hundred-and-one, said to me: "We must remember it is Great Tom's prayer, and he is not ashamed to pray aloud." He, like other members of the society founded by Cardinal Wolsey, always regretted that the process of re-casting had deprived the bell of his quaint motto,

In Thomae laude reson bimbom sine
fraude,¹

which has been replaced by an inscription in elegant but rather colorless Latin prose. Nowadays the ubiquitous investigations of the "bell-hunter," who searches every belfry in the land for odds and ends of historical evidence, have brought about a great revival of interest in our myriads of time-honored bells, and every bell-founder is careful to reproduce as accurately as possible the ancient mottoes and decorations (often beautiful and always significant) of any historic bell which has cracked at the rim and is sent to him for re-casting, the only remedy for such a catastrophe. The restoration of ancient bells is now as carefully and conscientiously carried out as that of the fabric of a church famous in history. Here is one of many proofs that the welfare of the "aerial choir" which lives in his belfry is now as much

considered by the average incumbent as the well-being of the other singers who help him to render his daily sacrifice of prayer and praise. It was not so twenty years ago, when the belfry was commonly regarded by the people of a parish as outside the parson's jurisdiction, but within that of the village publican. The thirsty legend on a bell (cast in 1702) at Walsgrave in Warwickshire,

Harken, do ye heare,
Our claperes want beere,

is one among many vestiges of the bad old days when the leader of the ringers could say (as was actually said in my hearing): "T' new parson 'll never dare to poke his nose into our bell-loft, not he." As a matter of fact, that new parson succeeded in convincing the ringers that his jurisdiction extended from the crypt to the weather-vane of his church, and I myself helped to eject them and their beer-barrels.

The revival of interest in bells has put an end to this form of the desecration of churches and has also given a great impetus to change-ringing, which is a modern innovation and practically confined to England. It is true we hear of guilds of bell-ringers at Westminster Abbey and other collegiate churches in pre-Reformation days. But these men, who were often clerics in minor orders, did not ring changes in the modern fashion. Indeed, the universal method of hanging bells in those far-off days effectually prevented them from making the almost complete revolution, starting from an inverted position, which causes the clapper to strike the rim twice at each stroke or pull of the rope, and is the essential feature of modern change-ringing. Nor is there a scrap of historical evidence to show that the pre-Reformation guilds had any knowledge of the various methods of ringing bells in succession but in a varying order, which

¹ Bim! Bom! Saint Thomas for to praise
A guileless voice again I raise.

are known to the ringers of to-day. The way in which the succession varies is the basis of the different forms styled Grandsire Triples, Treble Bob-Major, and so on—terms which are all fully explained in treatises on change-ringing, whereof the earliest was written and printed by Fabian Stedman, of Cambridge, the father of this characteristically English art. Why change-ringing should be the Englishman's favorite form of bell-music is, I think, easily explained. It involves much physical exertion, which tries, but need not overtax, as many muscles as are used in rowing, and is unquestionably one of the finest exercises known. I am acquainted with a professional boxer of great ability, and a "very complete chap" (old Nyren's phrase) outside his profession, who thinks there is no better means of keeping in good condition, though he has a still more praiseworthy motive for playing his part regularly in an East-end belfry. There can be no doubt that change-ringing, which is a real science only to be acquired by long and assiduous practice, is popular with young men both in town and country chiefly for this reason, and it is to be hoped that the popularity of so healthy a diversion will be duly maintained. Nevertheless, we must not forget that there are higher forms of bell-music which ought to be more widely cultivated in England than is the case at present. Strictly speaking, change-ringing is not music at all; though when the voices of the bells used are mellow and melodious it decorates the passing time with simple, subtly-varied sound-patterns, and forms an acceptable accompaniment to the elemental emotions of an individual or of the nation. Unfortunately, too many of our bells have the brassy tone of the used-up soprano's voice, and very few of our peals are properly in tune. London, on a Sunday, is a veritable inferno

of harsh, strident bell-voices which have cracked, or are on the point of cracking, because of the detestable practice of sounding them by means of ropes tied to the clappers, which causes the same spot to be struck repeatedly and prevents the vibrations spreading freely. "Clocking," as this method of bell-slaughter is called, would not be tolerated for a moment anywhere in Belgium or Holland. The majority of our *signa* are excellent. Great Tom of St. Paul's, which hangs in the southwest tower, and is tolled to announce the death of the Sovereign, has a magnificent tone. So has Great Paul, his near neighbor, and one of the few very heavy bells which has a satisfactory *timbre*. The same cannot be said, unfortunately, of the huge bell that hangs in the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament. Big Ben the Second (the first of the name was heavier and soon cracked, being sounded by a hammer for the amusement of the public as it lay in Palace Yard before being hung) had to be quarter-turned before he had been long in his tower, and to-day his familiar voice is harsh as that of an irate member in the talking shop below. Nor is the number of his vibrations what it ought to be; indeed, the bells in that tower are an ill-tuned company, a sort of aerial German band, which ought to be put in order, if possible, without undue delay by the First Commissioner of Works. I remember how a Belgian friend, his ear attuned to the delicacies of Flemish bell-music, shook his fist at that high-placed wrangling brotherhood. So would anybody else trained to appreciate the accompaniment of bells dancing not only in time but also (to quote Tennyson's unjustly criticised phrase) in tune to the beating of our hearts. I pass over the host of small, tuneless "ting-tangs" (the little fellows that ring hurriedly before service), which may be called the mosquitoes of discord's do-

minion, and are distressingly numerous in London.

To be free from such unmusical bells and to hear the finest kind of bell-music one must go to the cities and towns of Belgium, Holland, and North Germany, where the art of the carillon has been carried to a pitch of perfection undreamed of by the vast majority of English bell-lovers. For the mechanical form of the carillon, which is common enough in this country, there is not much to be said. The principle of the mechanism usually employed is precisely that of a musical-box, bells taking the place of tongues of metal. A drum set with pegs is put in motion by a clock, and these pegs, as the drum turns, raise levers which pull wires connected with the striking hammers. With the eight bells commonly found in an English belfry only a few tunes, within the compass of an octave, can be played, and even when the bells are well-tuned and melodious this bald mechanical music is quite uninteresting. In the case of some of the older carillons the apparent hesitation or "stuttering" (to use the bell-maker's phrase), which is due to the imperfect mechanism, has a quaint and pleasing effect, suggesting, as it does, that the bells are being struck by a living performer who is picking out the notes of the tune. Anything, even the hesitation of this non-existent beginner, is better than the soulless, inhuman, stereotyped accuracy of a mere machine. The mechanical music of the great Belgian and Dutch carillons (such as that produced by the huge cylinder at Mechlin, with its 17,000 metal pegs) is always fully harmonized, and is much more satisfactory—at any rate when one hears it for the first time and does not feel the absence of the human interpreter who never plays the same piece twice in the self-same manner and always, consciously or unconsciously, allows his mood for the

time being to affect his interpretation.

But the carillon with a keyboard is a very different thing from the mechanical carillon, which, after all, is merely a monstrous musical-box. No doubt the former has its limitations. It is impossible to prolong a bell-note or to eliminate its harmonics, which form a mist of shimmering sound ascending and descending. None the less, this tremendous instrument, which is nearer akin to the piano than to the organ, is capable of the most surprising effects, and gives full scope for the interpretation of a vast amount of excellent music not especially written for bells. Ten years ago, when cruising in a fishing-boat from Harwich off the Holland coast, I heard this instrument for the first time, and guessed that a living artist, not a mechanical contrivance, was making music—music as magical as it was majestic—in his far-off unseen tower across the moonlit levels of the still sea and the low-lying shore hidden by fog-drifts. I think now, but am not sure, that it came from the belfry of Gouda. Gouda—all who have read Charles Reade's masterpiece will remember the name and recall the happy sorrow of the auburn-haired Margaret in Gouda manse. At the time I thought it music from the moon, moonlight made audible, so strange and other-worldly were its fugal cadences, flight after flight of prismatic sounds. Afterwards I discovered that the piece was one of the *Morceaux Fugués* composed for carillons by Mathias Van der Gheyn, who was born in 1721, and was the most famous of a long line of bell-founders whose masterpieces are found in many of the belfries of Belgium, Holland, and Northern Germany. Many English travellers voyaging along the Dutch coast must have heard such music and wondered at it, without being moved, however, to find out its meaning and method of production. So far as I

know, there is no book written in English and dealing with the subject of carillon music to which the curious traveller could refer on his return to England. We have many admirable treatises on bells and their ancient uses, but not one of them makes more than a casual allusion to the bell-music of the Low Countries. The whole subject is practically ignored or—as in the case of Grove's indispensable Dictionary—dismissed with the suggestion that the *carilloneur* or *beiaardier* (to use the Flemish term) is forcing his bells to a task beyond their capacity when he plays a fugue by J. S. Bach (whose music is so often "universal" and independent of the help of this or that instrument), or one of the numerous pieces written for the carillon by Belgian or Dutch composers with a perfect knowledge of the possibilities of the instrument. The truth is that all such insular critics are absolutely ignorant of the subject in general, and, particularly, of the notable advance which has been made during the last twenty or thirty years in the technique of carillon-playing. It is clear that they have never heard any of the modern masters of this art and are also unacquainted with the work of a long line of composers, beginning with the bell-masters of the sixteenth century and ending (for the present) with Jef Denyn and his disciples, the list of which includes the name of only one Englishman, Mr. Wooding Starmer. By no means all the music which can be played on the piano or spinet (the spinet had much the same limitations as the carillon) can, or ought to, be used as bell-music. The virtuoso of the carillon often forgets that the executant who achieves the impossible sometimes attains the inartistic. If he be a true artist, however, he soon recognizes what may be called the spiritual limitations of his instrument. In the course of many visits to Belgium

and Holland I have heard carillon players attempting music which is utterly unsuited to bells, and have silently sorrowed over the excesses of this virtuosity. Yet, despite the technical success which is an artistic failure (one meets with that in every habitation of music), I have been fully persuaded that the carillon has its own sphere of musical influence, and is not to be placed in the category of superfluous instruments. And nobody who has heard the great continental carillons artistically played from the keyboard is likely to refuse his assent to that assertion. To-day nearly every city and town in the Low Countries has its official *carilloneur* (who has the standing of the organist of a great English church), and it is only necessary to visit one or two of these places to be convinced the municipal authorities are wise and far-sighted in their encouragement of bell-music. The largest and finest carillons are to be heard in Mechlin (forty-five bells), Bruges (forty-eight), Ghent (forty-eight), Antwerp (forty), De Tournai (forty-two), Louvain (one of forty and another of forty-one); but many of the smaller carillons in Holland and Belgium are as fine in quality as these famous instruments, though their scope is more restricted. It is the general opinion among continental bell-lovers that the Mechlin carillon is the finest of all. It includes six great bells, the oldest cast in the fifteenth century, which were the original tenants of the tower of St. Rumbold's, the metropolitan church of Belgium, and age has but mellowed the magnificent tones of these veterans. The others, perhaps the most melodious sequence of bells in the world, were made by Peter Hemony, the Stradivarius of bellfounders. All these bells are perfectly in tune, and there is not one which has a suspicion of "brassiness," or is ever so slightly cracked. They are placed in a great

open chamber, nearly three hundred feet above the *Groote Markt*, so that the vibrations are not checked, and even the voices of the tiniest bells, weighing but a few pounds, can be heard for many a mile on a calm day. Here let it be pointed out that the people of the smallest town in Belgium or Holland would never tolerate bells out of tune or any of the failures of the bell-founder's craft so lamentably frequent in English cities. They inherit the musician's ear from their ancestors, who were, like themselves, lovers of bell-music and keen critics of the "concerts in the sky" which they so delight in hearing.

In the second half of August an international competition for bell-masters was held at Mechlin, which gave me an opportunity of comparing the finest players of Holland and Belgium. Many of them I had heard before. The chief prize was presented by the King of the Belgians, and there were no less than seventeen competitors, every one of them an acknowledged master of his art. It was not so much the hope of winning the King's guerdon of a gilt shield of honor, or one of the lesser prizes, as the desire of meeting brother artists and practising on the famous carillon of St. Rumbold's which brought all these famous players to the ecclesiastical capital of the ancient Brabant. Such a gathering had not taken place for nearly twenty years, and the beautiful old town, which still keeps its medieval aspect of austere meditation, was thronged with thousands of visitors. The winner of the King's prize was Alphonse Rolliers, of St. Nicklaas-Waas, who may some day inherit M. Denyn's robe of artistry. But the chief event of the festival was the latter's recital, which was a never-to-be-forgotten object-lesson to the few English visitors present in the possibilities of carillon music. Throughout Belgium and Holland M. Denyn is

regarded as the master of bell-masters, the Liszt of his tremendous instrument, and as much superior to other modern composers of bell-music as he is to all executants, living or departed. Here, in a word, is a musician of genius who has extended the frontiers of his art and reigns unchallenged—as yet—over the lately conquered territory. His shakes and trills were executed with amazing dexterity, but it was in his treatment of flowing *cantabile* passages, which form the ultimate test of the bell-master's arduous art, that his supremacy was most clearly revealed. There were times when the carillon, which suggested a spinet when some of the visiting masters were playing delicate running movements on the smaller bells, became a kind of modern piano under his hand of steel in a silken glove. But, like the true musician, he was never merely a virtuoso for virtuosity's sake; his interpretation of great music was never once marked by the petty cleverness which, to take an appropriate example, is the besetting sin of Belgian organ-playing. Under his hands (and busy feet) the Mechlin carillon was obsequious to his mood in all things. He made it just what he wished it to be: a splendid soulless insect, a colossal cicada singing one of the simple traditional airs which, non-emotional in themselves, yet revive in us memory and hope and other emotions; or, again, a creature made in the likeness of man, capable of the whole gamut of feeling and the expression thereof—

Colossal, yet compassionate and kind,
A fellow-creature called Leviathan;
Smiling in sunshine, weeping in the
wind,

Yet in his heart no greater than a
man.

The competing *carillonneurs*, who had possession of the tower for the whole of the two days preceding, had played pieces by all the famous composers,

from Mozart to Mascagni, and many of their renderings were admirable not only in technique but also in feeling. To take one of fifty examples, the interpretation of Mendelssohn's *Frühlingslied* by Nauwelaerts, of Nien (who did not win a prize), was a marvel of delicate manipulation, and would have been sufficient by itself to prove the power and range of the carillon and its unique individuality as a solo instrument. But M. Denyn's programme, which included no less than thirteen pieces of bell-music, explored the possibilities of the carillon exhaustively. Indeed, his selection had been made for that very purpose. Lest the huge attentive audience (the whole great square was packed) should have too much of the bells, several numbers were given by a band of horns and trumpets stationed on the top of the tower. At that great height above the square the voices of these instruments, somewhat overpowering at close quarters, were soft and mellow and subtly commingled—so that they suggested, as a German student sitting near assured me, the *vox humana* of the great organ in Cologne Cathedral. The mysterious *Lied van der Nachtwaker*, from Tinel's historic opera of *Franciscus*, which was given by the horns alone, was eerily impressive; the ghostly voices, heard at long intervals of silence, seemed to advance and recede in the clouded dusk with its few lambent stars. All this was a novelty and interesting, but the crowd was assembled to hear the carillon-playing and could not have enough of it. The first piece was a stately and sonorous *Prelude*, which might have been written—but for bells!—by J. S. Bach, and was M. Denyn's own composition, a long-meditated tribute to the occasion. By way of a compliment to the few, too few, English people present two English airs followed. *Home, Sweet Home*, though the player made Hemony's smaller

bells shed veritable tears of sensibility, struck one as somewhat unsuitable for the carillon, which is not intended to enter into rivalry with a soprano singer, Patti or another. But *Rule, Britannia* was a magnificent thing on the Mechlin bells, the deep thrilling voices of Salvator, Michael, Gielis, and the other heavy bells coming in with tremendous effect. (The sound of each of these six veterans has been heard as far as the sea.) Equally soul-stirring was Viota's *Triomfantelijk Lied van de Zilverboot*, a glorious air that marched with fiery footsteps through the night and made it difficult to keep one's seat. "The tower's cake-walk," said an American lady; I could have slapped her for it. Peter Denoit's *Mijn Moederspraak*, which was rendered with bewitching delicacy (for all that the carillon-player's muscles are as much taxed as a wrestler's), exhibited and explained just how far carillon music may be the expression of sheer emotion. Just so the playing of the *Moderato* from G. F. Richter's First Sonata proved that there is really no limit—at any rate, not until one comes to Richard Strauss—to the instrument's intellectual range. But perhaps the most interesting and instructive of M. Denyn's selections was a set of ancient French ditties made for carillons at various dates. This was really a brief and delightful history of the evolution of bell-music. It occurred to me as I heard it that some of our newly discovered folk-music, more especially the quaint morris dances with their bright recurring rhythms, would go very well on bells.

But this analytic programme must come to an end. The point is this—the modern carillon-player will introduce you, if you will hear him, to a new interpretation of fine familiar music and also to a vast number of pieces written especially for bells, the very existence of which is practically un-

known to all save a very few English musicians. It was surprising to see how attentively the audience followed this concert in the sky. The vast majority had to stand the whole time, and they stood motionless, speaking not a word and not even clicking their wooden shoes until the tower had ceased singing. These *Maanblusschers* (moon-extinguishers) of Mechlin and its trim countryside take so great a pride in their vast singing tower that one can easily understand why they ran to put out a fire when the red harvest-moon shone through the great open windows of the bell-loft. If that tower had been finished according to the original plan it would have been the loftiest in the world. But the stone for completing it was carted off into Holland between 1582 and 1584 to build the fortress-town of Willemstadt. The theft has never been forgotten nor forgiven. Yet the tower is well enough as it is; Vauban called it the eighth wonder of the world. And to the people of Belgium it is more than that, for they see in it a fixed forefinger of their elder faith, an upright scroll of national history, and a leaping fountain of many-colored music.

In England we have only one keyboard carillon of any consequence.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Formerly we had two, but that which could be heard at Boston in Lincolnshire no longer exists, sad to say. But there is an admirable instrument of thirty-five bells, made by the bell-founders who inherit the traditions of the Van der Gheyn family, at Cattistock, in Dorsetshire, and there M. Denyn himself gives a recital every year on the last Thursday in July. It is well worth going into that corner of Wessex to hear him, though it is better to go to Mechlin, which is only half an hour (by rail) from Brussels or Antwerp. Let us hope that the builders of London's county hall will place a first-rate carillon in its tower. Here is a great opportunity to teach millions the beauties of harmonized bell-music at no great cost. But an open chamber would have to be prepared for the bells, and it would not do to use granite, which is a petrified wet blanket, so to speak, and absorbs the vibrations in wondrous wise; as the people of Aberdeen know only too well, for many years ago they spent 4000*l.* on a carillon, which gives them only a vague, almost inaudible, tintinnabulation that does not reach the verge of the sea. The same thing has happened in what was once Poland, where many carillons are now being set up.

E. B. Osborn.

THE WILD HEART.

BY M. E. FRANCIS
(*Mrs. Francis Blundell*)

CHAPTER I.

It was a Sunday afternoon in early autumn, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Strange were spending it, as usual, in the bosom of their family. Mrs. Strange, a pleasant-faced, smooth-haired woman, with a comfortable rotundity of figure which was the result of her forty years and many children, was seated on a rocking-chair by the

hearth, her youngest-born, a fine boy of two, upon her knee. Her lord sat in affectionate proximity, the shiny smoothness of his weather-beaten face testifying to the morning shave, while his equally smooth and shiny black coat was supplemented by such an amplitude of cuff as would have alone announced that it was the first day of the week.

The six sons, ranging in ages from Albert, who came next to the two-year-old, to Sam, a "boy-chap" of sixteen, whose voice had lately broken, and who was in receipt of a weekly wage of eight shillings, occupied various stations in the small room, and were all as quiet as mice—Sam, reading a paper, as became a youth of his years, and one or two of the others also immersed in books, while the younger ones played decorously with a Noah's Ark. The only girl, Tamsine, was seated at a small, wheezy harmonium, playing a hymn-tune; but she was not singing. That would come by-and-by, and the others would join her. Tamsine was considered a proficient musician by her family, and could, indeed, hammer out certain "pieces" with a speed and vigorous rhythm which Mrs. Strange compared admiringly to "one o' them piano-organs down to Bourne or Weymouth," but to-day, being in a chastened mood, she drew forth only subdued sounds, which fell sweetly on the listeners' ears. Her own young face looked sweet and grave too, as she sat in the September sunshine, which brought out the golden threads that mingled in such an inexplicable fashion with her thick, wavy, dark hair, and demonstrated the flawless quality of her skin. It is customary to compare the complexion of young peasant girls sometimes to a peach and sometimes to an apple; Tamsine's coloring might quickly be likened to one of the "peach-apples" which grew in her father's garden. Her face was of ivory smoothness, but the glow in her cheeks melted into a tint that was not that of ivory, but that recalled the golden hue of the fruit in question—whether this was natural, or the result of Dorset sun and Dorset breezes, must be left to the imagination. Even when thus seated, on the low music-stool, it could be seen that she was tall and strong, with supple, shapely limbs and broad

shoulders. Her eyelids were downcast now, the lashes almost sweeping the cheeks, but the brows above were so dark and strongly marked that the observer would have naturally inferred the veiled orbs beneath to be of the same flashing black as were the majority of the eyes in that room. Only Thomas Strange himself gazed pensively at the fire with eyes that in his courting days had been poetically compared to "Reckitt's Blue."

It was a homely, happy family party, one that would have done any visitor's heart good to look on; yet, as old Samuel Cosh peered in at it through the lattice-window, his brows were knit in a frown which was almost fierce.

"Not a Strange among 'em," he muttered to himself. "Northovers every one of 'em!"

Mrs. Strange, chancing to raise her eyes, uttered a stifled scream, and the old man immediately withdrew from the window; his slow, heavy steps presently resounding on the flagged path which led to the back door.

"Dear, to be sure!" exclaimed the good woman, in a startled undertone. "'Tis our Uncle Cosh, Tom—I'm sure 'tis. There, he's a-been a-gawkin' in at winder!"

"Tis, never Uncle Cosh!" rejoined Strange, slowly rousing himself.

"Tis though. I'd know him anywhere—all bent two-double as he be, an' wi' that girt gray beard. Run, Sam, run, an' open door! There, clear up that mess, Erny an' Stanley. Tamsine, give over playin'—here's your girt-uncle Cosh a-coming."

But amid the general commotion little Edwin and his sister remained undisturbed, the child sleeping peacefully on his mother's bosom, black lashes like Tamsine's resting on his flushed cheeks; while she, too much absorbed in her music to hear the bustle which was necessarily subdued, out of politeness to the visitor, continued to play

dreamily. It was not until a sudden draught of air announced the opening of the door that she turned upon her seat; and even then, instead of rising, she remained gazing in astonishment at the newcomer. A little, old, white-haired man, bent "two-double" as his niece-in-law had said, with rheumatism, his tanned, wrinkled face almost lost in the amplitude of grizzled hair and beard, he presented a spectacle that was alarming enough to the young folk present, and, to Tamsine's dismay, he paused directly opposite herself.

"Thanks be!" he exclaimed, "there's one pair o' blue eyes I' th' family."

"Come for'ard, Tamsine, my dear," said Mrs. Strange excitedly. "Come for'ard and speak to Uncle Cosh. Yes, Uncle, the maid's the only one among the lot what's got her father's eyes."

Tamsine, indeed, was gazing at her relative with a pair of eyes as blue as gentians, their hue, in their brunette setting, almost startling the beholder by its unexpectedness.

But old Samuel Cosh looked satisfied rather than startled.

"I thought it 'ud be a queer thing if there was never a pair o' Strange eyes among 'em," he remarked, and then extended his rugged hand.

"Come for'ard, Tamsine, my dear," repeated her mother, with an admonitory jerk of the head.

Tamsine rose from the music-stool and obediently advanced, her hitherto unknown relative peering up at her dubious face with eyes that twinkled more and more complacently.

"Gie us a kiss, maid," he went on. "There, I d' low you've a-got eyes like my poor wold 'ooman's! They was blue enough. 'Tis the natur' o' the Stranges to have blue eyes."

Tamsine's face relaxed, and she stooped and kissed him willingly enough.

"Dear, to be sure," said Mrs.

Strange, "I d' low you must be awful lonely, Uncle."

Her husband pulled down his cuffs, shaking his head the while, with a murmur that was meant to be sympathetic and consolatory.

"Yes, I be lonely," said Farmer Cosh fiercely. "'Tis a wonder, I'm sure, how you come to know that, for there's n'arn of 'ee what ever takes trouble to come my ways. Ye've never come anigh me since your Aunt's funeral, Tom, though ye be the last Strange."

"Not quite the last," said Tom, jerking his thumb towards the group of lads huddled together behind the door. Samuel Cosh glanced disdainfully from one to another of the dark-eyed faces, and uttered a depreciatory laugh.

"They're not Stranges," he remarked; "they're Northovers, every one of 'em."

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Strange humbly, "they do seem to take after my family summat wonderful."

"Why, ye bain't a Strange yourself, Tom," continued the old man scornfully; "you do take after your mother's folks. I'd never know ye to be my wold 'ooman's nevvy. But I can tell 'ee if the Lard had seen fit to bless us w'l' children, they'd ha' been Stranges. Dear, to be sure, my missus was one as 'ud ha' left her stamp on her family if she'd a-had one. But there, 'twasn't to be."

A somewhat uncomfortable silence ensued, and then Tom, tactfully going back to that portion of the old man's discourse which might be discussed with least offence, explained that he had been kept so mortal busy throughout the summer that he had been unable to undertake the ten miles' drive.

"Besides," he added, with engaging candor, "it do come terr'ble expensive, Uncle, to travel such a long ways. My bike is broke all to flinders, and Tranter's cart don't go within five miles o' your place, an' I never was no great walker. I'd ha' had to hire a

trap; an' what between one thing an' another—such a lot o' mouths to feed, an' clothes an' that—" he broke off, with an ingratiating smile.

"The boots alone," put in his wife impressively, "is enough to break a body's heart. I've a-got 'em all in clothin' clubs, o' course, but I do assure 'ee, Uncle, they d' seem to grow so fast an' they do knock about their clothes so terr'ble—the boy-chaps do—'tis a job to make ends meet."

"I don't hold wi' boy-chaps," returned Cosh indifferently. "I did allus use to say to my wold 'ooman, 'tis to be hoped as us'll have a maid. But us didn't have nothin' at all!"

By this time the old man had been conducted to the armchair by the hearth, and Tamsine, in response to various cabalistic signs from her mother, was laying the table. Her great-uncle's eyes rested approvingly on the tall figure, with its swift movements and suggestion of contained strength.

"That's a fine piece," he observed—"a shapely piece."

"She is," agreed the delighted mother, preparing to help the girl, and, as a preliminary, handing over the still sleeping Edwin to Mr. Strange, who received the burden cautiously, and with due regard to the safety of his cuffs; a drowsy groan from the child testified to his resentment of the change.

"Sam's a fine boy, too," she added, nodding towards the lad as he entered with the newly-replenished kettle. "Sam was called after you, Uncle."

"Was he?" rejoined Mr. Cosh, without any appearance of interest. He glanced round again. "What be the baby's name?"

"Edwin," rejoined Mrs. Strange.

"Never did hear such a name in my life," exclaimed the old man. "Be it a maid, then?"

"No," answered his niece-in-law, "'tis a boy. Us did have so many on

'em, us did use up the family names to begin wi', an' did have to look out for fancy ones. Edwin was the name of a gentleman in a book what Tamsine was readin' about. Us did call her Tamsine after Aunt Cosh. Tom was called after her, too, ye know"—here the good woman nodded at her husband. "His poor father did use to think as Aunt Cosh mid take to Tom, seein' he was her only nevvy, an' named after her an' all."

"If Tom's father hadn't ha' been so foolish as to go an' fall out wi' his father, there's no knowin' what mid ha' happened," said Farmer Cosh; "but my missus did take sides wi' the wold man, an' that's why she wouldn't have nothin' to say to her brother while she did live, nor yet to Tom since."

"True," agreed Tom wearily, "true; she didn't never have much to say to me, my Aunt Cosh. But us looked for her to take a bit o' interest i' the children; us did think it a bit hard for Aunt Cosh to keep up a grudge agen the third generation."

Samuel Cosh leaned forward on his stick, pursing up his lips after the manner of a man determined not to commit himself.

"I didn't keep up no grudge," he observed presently, "I did ax 'ee to the funeral, Tom, an' arter your poor Aunt was put under ground I did tell 'ee you could come an' see I so often as ye liked, didn't I?"

"Ye did," admitted Tom; "but ye see 'tisn't so very easy, as I was a-tellin' 'ee just now. But I be sorry ye do feel yourself so lonesome, Uncle. How 'ud it be if one o' the boys was to go an' stop with 'ee for a bit? It'll be holiday time soon."

"Sam mid very well go, to be sure," chimed in Mrs. Strange eagerly. "Sam mid very well go an' spend his Easter holiday wi' Uncle Cosh. Ye'd like to go an' stop wi' Uncle Cosh up on the downs, Sam, wouldn't 'ee?" she added,

frowning at her eldest son, whose face had become very crestfallen. "There's birds' nesses an' rabbits an' all manner o' things up there."

"I dare say Uncle Cosh 'ud gie 'ee a loan o' his gun now an' then to pop at the rabbits," said Mr. Strange persuasively, for Sam's youthful brow was darkening more and more.

"Nay, nay!" cried Uncle Cosh, thumping the table decisively. "I'll ha' nothin' to say to lads nor to guns neither—I've a-had enough o' lads, an' guns too, jist about, since David Chant come to grief last year. Do ye mind that?" he added, turning to the elders.

"What, the chap as shot keeper, d'ye mean?" queried Tom, with interest.

"Twas my gun that he borrowed off me," cried Farmer Cosh impressively. "My wold gun what do hang over chimbley up to my place. The fellow said he wanted it for rook-shooting an' I let en have it, an' if he didn't go an' let fly at poor Keeper West, an' shoot en so dead as a rattion."

"Did they hang en?" inquired Sam, forgetting in his eagerness to maintain the resentful attitude which he had assumed since the old man had curtly declined his company—inconsistently enough, since he himself by no means desired to bestow it on this unknown and alarming relative.

"No, they didn't hang en," responded the latter. "Ye see, he didn't go for to do it a-purpose—'twas poachin' he was up to, him an' another lad, an' keepers set upon 'em."

"The gun went off by accident, then?" suggested Mrs. Strange, shaking her head lugubriously nevertheless.

"Not a bit of it; David reg'lar took gun to defend hisself—head-keeper swore to that. David hisself said he didn't mean to shoot poor Keeper West *dead*. But the whole charge went through the poor fellow, they d' say—right slap through his heart."

Mrs. Strange groaned and shuddered,

and Tamsine, forgetful of the pile of plates in her hands, stood listening with a paling face. The boys gathered round, eager to hear more.

"What did they do wi' en?" asked the girl during the pause which ensued, a pause which Uncle Cosh, contented with the impression which he had made, seemed in no hurry to break.

"Wi' Keeper West, d'ye mean?" he said now. "They carried him home-along, my maid, to his poor young wife—him and her hadn't been married above three month. They d' say the poor soul very nigh went mad wi' grief."

"I d' low she'd be like to do that," said Mrs. Strange, again shaking her head. "Poor young thing—I d' low she would."

"I meant what did they do with the lad?" explained Tamsine hesitatingly. "Him what had the gun?"

"They took an' clapped en into prison first," said Farmer Cosh, with grim satisfaction, "an' now he be a-workin' out his time at Portland. They brought it in manslaughter, an' he did get twenty year penal servitude. He'll be goin' on for forty when he do come out. 'Tis to be hoped as he'll learn a bit o' sense by then." And here Sam Cosh uttered a grisly chuckle.

"Well, he do deserve to suffer," said Mrs. Strange severely. "Mercy me, to think o' that poor young creetur lookin' out an' seein' the folks carryin' home her husband's body."

Tamsine went silently round the table, putting down the plates, her face a little pale.

"Twenty years," she murmured to herself. "He'll be nigh as old as father when he do come out."

"He'd sooner ha' been hung," said Uncle Cosh. "He'd sooner ha' been shot first off. Eh! 'twas a wild chap! They d' say when folks laid hold on en, an' tied his hands behind his back, he did struggle wi' the strength o' ten

men. 'I'll not be tied up,' says he; 'I'll not be tied up. Take an' shoot me,' he says. 'Shoot me out here i' the wood,' he says, 'an' have an end on't."

"You hear what comes o' bein' wild, you boys," said Mr. Strange admonishingly to the open-mouthed group of listeners. "Boys what goes on bein' wild an' disobedient comes to a bad end—I see'd on paper as he was allus a troublesome customer," he added, turning to the old man.

"He were that," rejoined Cosh. "Parson did ax I to take a bit o' interest in the chap when he did come lookin' arter work at harvestin' time. He were in the Industrial School to begin wi', ye know—went there quite a little chap, an' done pretty well on the whole, the Reverend did say, but did have a break-out every now and then. Well, they did think they'd make a sailor on him, but he came trappin' back arter a few year—couldn't stand havin' to do what he was bid, an' bein' shut up, as he did call it. 'A ship's no better nor a prison,' he did say to I; 'every place what ye can't get away from be a prison,' said he. Yes, he did never stay long in one place—used to go a-wanderin' here an' there, doin' a bit o' work for one an' another, an' trappin' off again. There was gipsy blood in him, they d' say, an' blood do always tell sooner or later."

"Tea's ready now," said Tamsine.

"Put a chair for Uncle Cosh, then," rejoined her mother.

Uncle Cosh came to the table, and Tamsine passed his cup, and cut him a slice of solid currant cake, very brown on the top, and with a layer of absolutely unleavened matter at the bottom. The girl blushingly pointed this out.

"It 'ud maybe be better not to eat that," she remarked. "It didn't rise so very well this time, but 'tis my own bakin'."

"Well done," cried Uncle Cosh, and he seized the girl's sunburnt wrist as she was about to withdraw. "Would *you* like to come and stay up among the downs wi' me, maidie?"

"If mother pleases," said Tamsine faintly.

"Tisn't so very easy to spare Tamsine," said Mrs. Strange, a little tremulously. "There's a deal to be done here—an' she bein' the maid—"

"Tis along o' her bein' the maid I'd want to have her," said the old man. "Strange's don't know itself wi'out a 'ooman, an' I'd be jist about glad to find a pair o' blue eyes a-lookin' at I i' the lonesome evenin's. That maid have got the very eyes of her Aunt Tamsine."

"So she has," agreed Tom. "Well, we must make shift to spare her to 'ee for a visit—a shart visit," he added. "Tamsine 'ud like to go an' stay wi' Uncle Cosh for a few days, wouldn't 'ee, Tamsine?"

"Ye-es," said Tamsine doubtfully; the blue eyes in question shot an appealing glance towards her mother, who was looking well nigh as scared as herself.

"A shart visit," echoed Farmer Cosh, with a queer little laugh. "Why, we'll talk about that arter tea."

The meal which ensued was a somewhat silent one. The advent of an additional guest caused the curtailed space at the disposal of the numerous family to be even more limited than usual, and though the baby, waking up at the clatter of tea-things, occupied a seat on his father's knee, and the two younger children were accommodated with mugs and plates on the settle, the remainder of the party were obliged to dispose their persons sideways at the table, keeping one shoulder well back, and applying one hand only to cup or cake. Uncle Cosh spread himself well out, and ate and drank heartily; but he, too, seemed in-

disposed for conversation. His sharp eyes were fixed frequently on Tamsine's face, noticing the droop of the lip and the occasional dimness of the much-vaunted blue eyes.

At length he pushed back his chair, and Mrs. Strange, taking the hint, desired Tamsine hurriedly to clear away, and bundled the other children unceremoniously out of doors; Sam, who had considered himself of an age to stay, finding himself unexpectedly burdened with the care of his youngest brother.

"Walk him up an' down i' the air," directed the mother, "an' don't come in or let any o' the others come in, till I d' call 'ee."

As Tamsine staggered away into the back-kitchen with her heavy tray, her great-uncle got out of his chair and followed her to the door, which he carefully closed behind her, subsequently returning to his seat, accomplishing all with an agility surprising in one of his years, and disabled figure.

"Now, then," he remarked, glancing from one to the other of the parents. "I be come to make 'ee both a fair offer. I d' want to carry off Tamsine—for good—d'yee see. And if she do come, an' do turn out a good maid same as I think, she'll find it worth her while. What do 'ee say?"

A blank pause ensued, and then Mrs. Strange said tearfully, "'Tis our only maid, Uncle."

"Yes," said Farmer Cosh, "that's it, I do tell 'ee. 'Tis the only maid, an' 'tis the only Strange among ye. If one o' your children be to have Strange's arter I am gone, it'll have to be that one. So now, take it or leave it. 'Tis a good farm, an' your Aunt Tamsine an' me did save a tidy bit between us, an' your maid can have the lot if she'll come an' 'bide wi' me now, an' take her aunt's place an' turn out what I could wish. Daily, it won't be for so very long. I'm gettin' on for my fourscore. She'll not

have to look after the wold man for more nor a couple o' year, I'd low—but she'll have to look arter me; I'll not have her trapesin' back'ards an' for'ards; if she d' come, she must bide. If she can't make up her mind to come an' do a kindness to her lonesome wold uncle I'll look out for one o' the Coshes. I did never care so much for them though they be my own flesh an' blood, but if I can't get the last Strange to come an' bide at Strange's, why, then I must make shift wi'out. Now then, ye can both go in an' talk it over wi' the maid, an' make up your minds, an' I'll smoke my pipe here by the fire. If it's Yes, she can be packin' her bits o' things while I be fetchin' the trap, an' if it's No, well, I'll say good-bye to 'ee once an' for all, an' ye may say good-bye to everythin' what I've a-had in my mind to leave the maid." He nodded at the bewildered couple, dragged his chair slowly to the hearth, and drawing a blackened clay pipe from his pocket, began to fill it.

"Well," said Tom, in a stage whisper, "best do what Uncle Cosh d' say, Mary—best come along an' talk it over wi' the maid."

Mrs. Strange crossed the room with lagging feet, the door opened and closed, and presently the sound of low voices in the adjoining room, reached the old man's ears. Then came a little cry, and then the sound of sobbing.

"She's taken it a bit hard," said Samuel Cosh, nodding to himself. "Well, 'tis right enough. I wouldn't think so well o' any maid as didn't feel summat at partin' from father an' mother."

After a minute or two the door opened and Mrs. Strange's head was thrust through the aperture. "I d' low," she hazarded in a quavering voice, "ye wouldn't ha' no objections to me or her father goin' to see Tamsine sometimes?"

"No objections at all," responded Farmer Cosh handsomely. "The oftener you do come, the better I'll be pleased."

The head was withdrawn, and the discussion in the outer room continued. Then the lock creaked again, and Tom Strange looked in.

"We was thinkin' maybe one o' the boys mid go an' bide for a while, now an' then, to keep sister company," he suggested, with a deprecating grin. "Tis but a young maid—she'd feel less lonesome if one o' her brothers was to pay her a visit now an' then."

Samuel Cosh reflected for a moment or two before replying, puffing at his pipe the while; then he said: "Now an' then, maybe. I don't hold wi' boy-chaps. She can have one o' the littlest o' 'em wi' her now an' then, an' she must see as whoever comes doesn't get into mischief."

The Times.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PROMISE OF LATIN AMERICA.

The large number of works published during the past five or six years upon the republics of Latin America furnishes a conclusive proof of the interest felt in the subject of which they treat. The list given below is representative of those that have recently appeared, but is far from exhaustive. There are several reasons for such a display of interest at the present time. In the first place the great advance in prosperity of the four leading Latin American States, Mexico, Argentina, Chile and Brazil, and the proof that

has been afforded of the latent resources and bright prospects of these countries under stable government, has attracted universal attention to them as fields for investment, trade and settlement. In the second place, there is at the present time no portion of the earth's surface less known than large areas of the vast and imperfectly explored interior of the South American continent, and none with more remarkable and grandiose physical features. The giant Cordilleras of the Andes, running without a break parallel to the

* 1. "The South American Series." Edited by Martin Hume. London: Fisher Unwin. "Chile," by G. F. Scott Elliott, 1907. "Peru," by C. R. Enoch, 1908. "Mexico," by C. R. Enoch, 1909. "Argentina," by W. A. Hirst, 1910.

2. "A History of South America." By C. E. Akers. London: Murray, 1904.

3. "Through Five Republics." By P. F. Martin. London: Heinemann, 1905.

4. "Mexico of the Twentieth Century." By P. F. Martin. Two vols. London: Arnold, 1907.

5. "The Republic of Colombia." By F. Lorraine Petre. London: Stanford, 1906.

6. "Argentina, Past and Present." By W. H. Koebel. New and enlarged edition. London: Kegan Paul, 1910.

7. "The Rise and Progress of the South American Republics." By G. B. Crichfield. Two vols. London: Unwin, 1909.

8. "The Great States of South America." By Domville Fife. London: Unwin, 1910.

And other works.

Pacific coast for 3500 miles and at no great distance from it, teem with mineral wealth and form the watershed of the most magnificent river-systems in the world, navigable for tens of thousands of miles, and giving access even for large vessels to the far interior. The potentialities of this land of rich alluvial plains, of virgin tropical forests, of vast pastoral uplands, of almost fabulous abundance of the precious metals, invest it still with much of the fascination and romance of the unknown.

In the third place, the progress that is being made with the construction of the Panama Canal renders it practically certain that within a couple of decades the opening to commerce of that inter-oceanic waterway will revolutionize the conditions of trade and intercourse between the eastern and western States of the American continent; and, what is perhaps even more important, the distance of the ports on the Pacific coast from Liverpool and Hamburg will be shortened by many thousands of miles. The effect of such a change will be in any case enormous, and is a subject which should be studied in anticipation, in all its bearings, by every trading community. Lastly, the celebration of the centenary of Argentine independence, on May 25, 1910, followed, as it will be, in rapid succession by similar celebrations in the other Spanish-American republics, marks out the present time as one eminently suited for a serious review of the condition of these republics as they are to-day, in the light of their past experiences, with the aim of forming some reasonable estimate of their future prospects. In South America itself it is to be feared there will be little in the keeping of these centenaries suggestive of that subdued and chastened spirit which would be most in harmony with the retrospect they invite.

No impartial person who has stud-

ied, however cursorily, the history of the Spanish-American peoples during the century that has elapsed since they first rose in revolt against the mother-country, can fail to feel profound disappointment at the almost tragic misuse that has been made of splendid opportunities. Independence was everywhere followed by intestine convulsions and sanguinary strife. One set of military dictators after the other obtained possession of power by force of arms, and not infrequently used the power thus gained to further their own selfish interests to the injury of the State. Such was—with the partial exception of Chile—universally the condition of things throughout Spanish America until, with the final advent to power of President Porfirio Diaz in 1884, Mexico began to set an example of steady and stable progress, which has been followed with happy results in Argentina and Chile, and has exercised a wholesome influence in Peru. In these three republics the period of violence and unrest has, it is to be hoped, definitely passed away. Wiser counsels and a saner spirit prevail, and are bringing an increased prosperity that is of good augury for the future. The other Spanish republics are unfortunately in various degrees still a field for the struggle of rival factions, or rather of small groups of politicians wrestling for the spoils of power. Uruguay, Bolivia, Paraguay, Ecuador, in the order named, are making a real advance; and, if only the dread of revolutions, with their attendant lowering of credit and destruction of property, could be finally abolished, this would remove, at the same time, what is at present the greatest obstacle to the full development of their resources. In the States which half encircle the Caribbean Sea, there are, as their recent history clearly testifies, no signs of improvement.

There could scarcely be a greater

contrast than that which exists between the history of the United States of America in the century which followed its declaration of independence and the history of the republics of South America during a similar period. It is necessary, however, to point out that this contrast is due not only to the marked difference between the racial characteristics of English and Spanish colonists, but to other causes, and especially to this. The free population of the revolted English colonies was practically homogeneous; the free population of the Spanish colonies consisted of a mixture of races differing widely from one another—a population which was not a hundred years ago and is not to-day fused into a national type. The peoples of the South American republics are still peoples in the making. Meanwhile it is scarcely surprising that they should exhibit that instability of temperament which experience has shown to be generally the accompaniment of mixture of blood.

This vital distinction must not be ignored; and it has its origin far back in the fundamental differences of type between the English and Spanish systems of colonization in the New World. The English settlers in the colonies along the eastern coast of North America, many of them political and religious refugees, became traders and agriculturists. From the first they were allowed to possess large powers of self-government; and the bond which attached them to the mother-country was of the loosest. Each colony had its own constitution, modelled on that of the homeland, which on its part interfered as little as possible with the internal development of the "plantations." Thus the colonists, continually reinforced by fresh bodies of immigrants, acquired habits of independence and political training under free institutions; and for this reason they re-

mained typically English in character. In their relation with the native Indian tribes the attitude of the American colonists was also characteristic of the nation from which they sprang. The Englishman can rule inferior races with success; he cannot amalgamate with them. The Indians with whom the settlers in North America came in contact were rude wandering savages. No attempt was made to anglicize them; no serious effort to convert them to the Christian faith. Intermarriage was rare. As the area of occupation extended, the Indians perforce withdrew before it further inland. To remain meant extermination.

Very different was the story of Spanish colonization in the South. It was the lust for gold and silver that lured the *conquistadores* to lay at the feet of their king a dominion which stretched through seventy-nine degrees of latitude. In Mexico and Peru they found thickly populated and civilized empires. The overthrow of these empires was attended by acts of ruthless barbarity, the record of which can only be read with horror and shame. But the cruel deeds of Cortes, Pizarro and other adventurers must not be confounded with the settled policy of the Spanish Government, when once the administration of its vast territories had been taken in hand.

The difference both in spirit and in practice between the Spanish and English systems of administration could scarcely be sharper. Mexico, Peru, New Granada, far from being self-governing colonies attached by the loosest of ties to a mother-country which interested herself but little in their internal affairs, were kingdoms whose crowns rested on the head of the King of Castile, and which were by him autocratically ruled. Legislation, even in minute details, was enacted by royal decrees, *cedulas reales* issued by the Council of the Indies.

which had supreme authority in the king's name in all civil and practically in all ecclesiastical matters. These decrees were carried out by the Viceroy and Captains-General sent out from Spain. The first aim of the administration was to obtain a large revenue for the replenishing of the king's treasury, through royalties on the produce of the mines, through the sale of monopolies and offices, and through heavy duties and taxation. A constant supply of bullion was desired; not a thought was bestowed upon the commercial or industrial prosperity of the colonies that furnished it. On the contrary, commerce was severely restricted to one port, Seville (later Cadiz), all trade with foreign nations and even between colony and colony being forbidden. Immigration was discouraged, and indeed offered few attractions; for all important offices, civil, military and ecclesiastical, as well as huge landed estates, were bestowed on European Spaniards. The Creoles (American-born Spaniards), therefore having no openings for trade, no prospects of lucrative posts, and a disdain for agriculture, congregated in the larger towns, where they became members of the learned professions, shopkeepers, clerks and petty officials. These men, it will easily be seen, had legitimate grievances, which became accentuated as years passed by, and which were one day to find expression in revolt.

Nevertheless there was another side to Spanish administration, which compares favorably with English methods. The treatment of the native question, contrary to popular opinion on the subject, was from the very first singularly humane and liberal. So early as 1542, "the new laws for the Indies" declared the native Indians to be freemen; and every effort was made to civilize them and to convert them to Christianity. A large measure of success attended this humanitarian policy, for the great bulk

of the native population was baptized into the Catholic faith, and learnt to speak the Spanish language; and, being gathered into villages, each with its own priest and two native *alcalde*s to administer the law, the Indians became good Spanish subjects.

The "Commonwealth of the Indians" was treated indeed as a distinct and separate part of the body politic; and there were officials named protectors in each district, and a chief protector in the capital, whose duties were to secure the Indians against serfdom, injustice or harsh treatment. Unfortunately the exaction of forced labor, in the place of certain taxes from which the Indian was exempt, led to many abuses; and many thousands of these unhappy people perished in the mines from hardships and disease. But all these terrible sufferings, with the accompanying loss of life, took place in direct contravention of the instructions of the home authorities, which the Governors either did not feel themselves strong enough to enforce, or at the breach of which it was their interest to connive.

There can be little doubt, moreover, that there has been much exaggeration in what has been written upon this subject. Though numbers of the natives undoubtedly perished, in no part of South America were they exterminated. On the contrary, the white settlers, being chiefly of the male sex and never large in numbers, were encouraged to intermarry and did intermarry freely with the Indian women. The natural result of such a policy was the rapid upgrowth of a *mestizo* or mixed-blood population. At the present day the number of Latin Americans who can boast of pure white descent is remarkably small. There are no trustworthy census returns, but in several of the republics (excluding European immigrants of recent date) probably not more than five per cent. of the

population is of unmixed blood. The *peón* or laboring class, throughout Central and South America, is in the main Indian or *mestizo*, with the Indian type strongly predominating. In the tropical states, where negro labor was employed, there is also a considerable infusion of black blood—mulattos and *zambos*,¹ and every conceivable blend between the two. And yet, despite this variety of diverse racial elements in the population, the first thing that strikes the attention of all travellers is the community of type between all the sixteen republics which make up what is known as Latin America. Of these fifteen are thoroughly Spanish, speaking one language, professing the same faith, and having common traditions, manners and characteristics. This permanent imprinting of Castilian nationality upon so vast an area offers at least a singular testimony to the fact that Spanish colonial methods, however patent their defects, were not lacking in effectiveness nor in a certain grandeur of their own. In the sixteenth State, Brazil, the Portuguese policy followed closely on the lines of the Spanish, and was equally successful in leaving the stamp of Portuguese civilization on the entire population, Creole, half-caste and Indian, in that large portion of the continent which they attempted to colonize.

The condition and prospects, therefore, of Latin America at the opening of the twentieth century present problems of peculiar interest and considerable complexity. The great experiment which is being tried is almost without a parallel in history. There is, indeed, a certain superficial resemblance between the Iberian latinization of the whole American continent, south of the United States, and the Roman latinization of Western Europe in the first centuries of the Christian

era; but there is also a profound difference between the two processes. The tribes of western Europe, whom the Roman law and the Latin language blended together in one common civilization and dominion under the imperial sway of the Caesars, were all of the white stock, many of them closely allied to one another racially, none of them alien in type to their Italian conquerors. The provinces speedily became "Latin" communities; and the cultured and influential provincials might aspire to hold high office in the Roman State. In America the provinces of the Spanish dominion became, as completely as did those of the Roman, "Latin" communities; but in this case it was a civilization imposed by a few thousand *conquistadores* upon a native population absolutely alien in blood, in color and in origin. During four centuries these two alien races have been in the closest intercourse and have intermarried with such frequency and for so lengthy a period that the spectacle is everywhere being presented of the gradual evolution of new nationalities of mixed blood.

Meanwhile in each republic there is a small minority, proud of their pure (or almost pure) Spanish descent, who form a cultured, aristocratic ruling caste, and reside almost exclusively in the large cities, which are the seats of government. The ancestors of these men were the Creoles of the days of Spanish rule; and, as has already been said, the Creoles were in those days practically excluded by the Crown from high official posts. Their lot was a hard one, and their grievances were very real; yet the armed risings in 1810 against the authority of a Spain which had become a conquered dependency of a foreign power by no means implied any unanimous desire on the part of the colonists to throw off their allegiance to the Spanish Crown. On the

¹ Mulatto=blend of European and negro; mestizo=blend of European and Indian; zambó=blend of Indian and negro.

contrary, a large number, while refusing to submit either to the authority of Joseph Bonaparte, or to that of the revolutionary Junta at Seville, remained steadfastly loyal to their King in exile. But the outbreak of insurrection, as is always the case, let loose forces and ambitions that had been long kept in control; and revolt was speedily followed by a succession of Declarations of Independence modelled on that of the United States. It was not, however, until after more than a decade of furious fighting and savage reprisals on both sides, that the royalist forces, which were largely recruited in South America itself, were finally driven out of the field by the revolutionary armies.

During the struggle, the old, autocratically administered Spanish colonies had been converted into self-governing republics. The difficult task of starting them successfully on their new career would have tested the capacity of tried parliamentary statesmen; it had perforce to be entrusted to men who had no experience whatever of the working or the spirit of democratic institutions. In theory, throughout these republics, the machinery of self-government is excellent, for the South American Spaniard has a genius for drawing up elaborate constitutional and legal systems, admirably conceived to ensure perfection alike in the political and judicial spheres of administration. But it has been generally remarked that there is in his nature a curious combination of contradictory qualities. Practice and theory are diametrically opposed. Law-making for the community is the Spanish American's delight; law-breaking is the privilege to which, as an individual, he regards himself as possessing an indefeasible claim. The truth must be sadly confessed that, though all these states have carefully-framed constitutions based on that of the United States, with every possible paper safe-

guard for the government being the free expression of the people's will, as a matter of fact none of them is a true republic in anything but name. The entire executive power is in reality concentrated in the hands of the President, who is virtually a dictator, having the control of the military and naval forces, and disposing of the entire patronage of the state. The elections are little more than a pretentious farce. Only a small fraction of the electorate go to the poll. Those who are known to be disaffected to the Government vote at their peril. If necessary, the ballot-boxes are stuffed, or the returns tampered with. It is not therefore to be wondered at that the history of these inchoate states should during the greater part of the nineteenth century have been one long tale of disastrous internecine strife. Experience has had to be bought, and it has been bought dearly, but, as the rapidly improving condition of the leading states of Latin America is year by year showing, probably effectually.

The greatest of the revolutionary leaders, Simon Bolivar, may himself be cited in corroboration of the justice of what has just been said. He died in 1831, despairing of the future of the peoples he had emancipated. He is reported to have said: "Those who have served the revolution have ploughed the sea. Were it possible that a part of the world should lapse into primeval chaos, that would be the last state of America." The countries to which the "Liberator" was specially referring were Colombia and Venezuela; and it may be truly said that in the case of these two republics the prediction has been almost literally verified. A prominent Colombia authority (quoted by Mr. Crichfield) declares:

In no country in the world have there been adopted as many Constitutions as in Colombia. . . . We have had

since 1811 ninety Constitutions. In them have been adopted, within the republican regimen, all possible combinations—rigorous centralization, mitigated centralization, relative federation, absolute federation, and confederation.

This, of course, means that there has been a continuous series of revolutions and civil wars. The plight of Venezuela, Bolivar's native land, has in many respects been even worse. The cruel and blood-stained dictatorships in Argentina of Juan Manuel Rosas, from 1829 to 1852, and in Paraguay of the three successive tyrants, Dr. Francia (1816-41), Carlo Antonio Lopez (1841-62), and Francisco Solano Lopez (1862-70), were undoubtedly more disastrous to the welfare of these unhappy countries than even continual civil war. The fact that the population of Spanish America, in the opinion of trustworthy authorities, did not, in 1900, exceed that of the Spanish colonies a hundred years ago tells its own tale.

It may at this point be asked, how is it that so rich and fertile a portion of the earth should have been allowed for so long a period to remain thus misused? Why did not the great colonizing nations step in to restore order, to make settlements, and to develop the resources of a continent teeming with potential wealth, but lying idle and unworked through the unfitness of its possessors? The answer is that "the Monroe doctrine"—in other words, the expressed will of the United States—stood as a bar to any interference on the part of European Powers with the independence of the Latin-American republics, and thus left them to work out their own salvation in their own way.

Since 1823 the Monroe doctrine has been accepted as the unchangeable policy of the United States; but it should be borne in mind that its original object was the security and welfare of the United States themselves; and that

the powerful protection of the Anglo-American republic was extended over the weaker Latin republics of the South, not from any motives of mere benevolence or quixotism, but of self-preservation. It is only in comparatively recent times that various occurrences have led to a revision of its principles, or at least to new ideas as to their application. The dangers arising from an ill-considered assertion of its claims, such as was made by President Cleveland in 1895; the results of the Spanish-American war; the blockade of the Venezuelan ports by the allied squadrons of England, Germany and Italy; the circumstances attending the erection of the republic of Panama; the difficult relations of the United States themselves with the Venezuelan dictator, Castro, with Colombia, and with the turbulent Central American republics—all these matters have given rise to much searching of heart in the United States. President Roosevelt has made many declarations on the subject; but perhaps the general lines of the revised policy, which he endeavored to carry out, may be best gathered from an address he delivered before the Chautauqua Assembly in August 1905:

"The Monroe doctrine" (he remarked) "is not a part of international law. But it is the fundamental feature of our foreign policy, so far as the Western Hemisphere is concerned, and it has more and more been meeting with recognition abroad. The reason why it is meeting with this recognition is because we have not allowed it to become fossilized, but have adapted our construction of it to meet the growing, changing needs of this hemisphere. . . . It is out of the question to claim a right and yet shirk the responsibility for exercising that right. When we announce a policy such as the Monroe doctrine, we thereby commit ourselves to accepting the consequences; and those consequences from time to time alter."

He then proceeds at some length to explain that the Monroe doctrine would not imply that the United States was bound to protect any South American republic which had committed a tort against the persons of the citizens of another nation, or which refused to pay its just debts; but that, if the United States intervened to prevent the foreign nation from punishing the offending republic by armed occupation of any portion of its territory, then it would be clearly the duty of the United States to step in and compel its sister republic to make reparation.

This, then, may be taken to be the modern form of the Monroe doctrine. It is a policy attended with many difficulties. The southern States, while quite ready to shelter themselves behind the great republic of the north in cases of dispute with European Powers, have no love for their protector, and are exceedingly suspicious of any action which seems to convey any assumption of suzerainty or any infringement of their territorial rights as independent nations. The policy of the United States Government has hitherto been marked by excessive caution, even in circumstances of great provocation by President Castro. But the part played by the Americans in the erection of the republic of Panama has left a bad impression. Vast sums of money are being sunk in the construction of the Isthmian Canal. Its strategic importance will, when completed, be enormous; its security a matter of vital consequence. It is feared, therefore, and not unnaturally, that the treatment meted out to Colombia in 1903 may be the prelude to other high-handed acts when occasion demands. The turbulent central American republics almost invite coercion. Nicaragua, the worst of the six, contains the alternative route for an inter-oceanic canal. For some time past a devastating civil war has been raging in that country; and

threats of American intervention for the restoration of order have been frequently heard. The indignation aroused by a recent letter of the German Emperor, recognizing one of the rival presidents without previous intimation to Washington, gave an unmistakable indication of the sensitiveness of American public opinion on this subject. There is a growing feeling in favor of definite action, should circumstances call for it. If such action should be taken, and it should eventually lead, as is quite possible, to the establishment of an "American" protectorate over the Isthmian republics, it would meet with a strong protest from Mexico, and ultimately, perhaps, to the drawing together of all the Latin republics and the formation of a defensive alliance between them for the protection of their common liberties and interests. At the present moment, the question of a triple alliance between the three strongest South American republics, Argentina, Brazil and Chile—the so-called A B C alliance—is being seriously discussed.

The subject of the relations between the United States and South America should not be dismissed without a reference to what is known as the Drago doctrine. It had its origin in a treatise on International Law by a distinguished Argentine authority on the subject, Señor Carlos Calvo, which was published in 1868. One of his disciples, Señor Luis M. Drago, a member of The Hague Tribunal which recently arbitrated on the Fisheries question, was in 1902 Foreign Minister in Argentina, a country rich in international lawyers. The doctrine called by his name was first formulated in a letter, dated December 29, 1902, sent by the Foreign Minister, through the Argentine envoy at Washington, to Secretary Hay. The letter was really a protest against the blockade of the Venezuelan ports by Great Britain,

Germany and Italy, which was then impending. Señor Drago laid down the principle that all States, whatever the force at their disposal, are in international law sovereign entities, and are entitled to equal rights; consequently, any compulsory collection of debts by force at a given moment by a stronger nation is an infringement of the weaker nation's inherent rights as a sovereign entity, for the collection of such debts by military means implies territorial occupation, and territorial occupation signifies the suppression and subordination of the countries on whom it is imposed. But the treatment recently accorded by President Castro to the rights of citizens of the United States in Venezuela was not such as to secure for him the benevolent sympathy of the American Government. In a reply of studied neutrality, Secretary Hay declined to express either assent to or dissent from the propositions set forth in the Argentine Minister's note. He merely referred him to the language of recent presidential messages in which President Roosevelt had declared:

"We do not guarantee any State against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of the acquisition of territory by any non-American power (Dec. 3, 1901)." And again (Dec. 2, 1902): "It behoves each State to maintain order within its own borders, and to discharge its just obligations to foreigners. When this is done they can rest assured that, be they strong or weak, they have nothing to dread from outside interference."

Herein was cold comfort; but this chilling attitude was exchanged at the third Pan-American Conference, held at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, for a modified acceptance of the principle of the Drago proposal; and it was agreed that the delegates of the several governments should "invite the second Peace Conference at The Hague (to be held

the following year) to consider the question of the compulsory collection of public debts and, in general, means tending to diminish conflicts having exclusively pecuniary origin." Accordingly, at the Conference at The Hague, which met June 15, 1907, the subject was brought forward and discussed, and the proposal of General Porter, one of the delegates of the United States, was ultimately adopted: "That force shall not be used for the collection of contractual debts until the justice of the claim shall have been affirmed by an arbitral tribunal."

We have referred to the third Pan-American Congress. The first of these congresses was held at Washington in 1889, the second at Mexico City in 1901, the third at Rio Janeiro in 1906. The meetings have hitherto been prolific of much complimentary speaking; and controversial topics have, so far as possible, been avoided. The fourth congress, quite recently held at Buenos Ayres, has followed on similar lines. Its most significant feature was the rejection, by the delegations of all the Spanish-American States, of the proposal, made by Brazil, that the Monroe doctrine should be accepted as the basis of Pan-Americanism. Still, these gatherings have not proved unfruitful. On the contrary, they have issued in a clearer understanding between the various States represented on many matters of common interest, such as treaties of arbitration, improvement of communications, and others of less importance. One of the most practical results has been the establishment of the International Bureau of American Republics at Washington, which carries out much valuable work. Another, which at present can scarcely be called practical, but which will probably some day be accomplished, is the project of a Pan-American Railway from New York to Buenos Ayres. This would not merely link together the various States

and open up commercial intercourse between them, but, passing as it would right down the Andean backbone of the Continent, it would intersect and make connections with a whole series of transversal lines leading

to either ocean, and would thus afford ready access to that vast interior with all its unbounded agricultural, pastoral and mineral riches, as yet almost untouched, and partly unexplored.

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(To be concluded.)

THE HOUSE OF HEALING.

The House of Healing stands upon a hill flecked by the sun, shaded by the pines, and surrounded by an odor of disinfectant. To the eye there is nothing to distinguish it from other houses; the same flowers deck its gardens, the same tennis-court stands before it, the same breezes whisper in the trees around it, but always there is that clean smell of disinfectant which assails the nose of the wayfarer while yet the House itself is out of sight. This holds good for the afternoon, but come in the morning and a different sight greets the eye, although the same aroma meets the nose.

Upon the broad veranda of the House, and overflowing into the sun-swept tennis-court, is the crowd of those who come for healing,—a motley crowd, the members of which differ from each other in all things save one, and the single point that they have in common is the one that differentiates the House of Healing from all other institutions where the art of healing is practised.

It is this, that its patients come to it to be cured of an illness that has never seized them.

Once the disease with which the House of Healing deals has secured its grip upon its victim, the House is helpless, and it but remains for the patient to die as quickly as heaven will let him, fortified by the rites of such Church as may be his by choice or by birth—Christian, Buddhist, Mussulman, or Hindu. It only remains to

bow the head to God or Prophet or Idol, and to pray that death may be sent with such merciful speed as may be deemed fitting.

But the House has a weapon with which it fights the disease before the latter has declared itself. The House is, as it were, a St. George, whose task it is to crush an everlasting dragon; and if the dragon cannot be eternally crushed, St. George has nevertheless the power and the means to rescue from it those of its victims who appeal to him in time. The dragon is a deliberate dragon, and he always sends a warning to those whom he has chosen as his victims, and therein lies his own undoing. For if his selected victims make their appeal at once to St. George, if they invoke his protection within three weeks of receiving the dragon's summons, the puissant saint will save them, and the dragon must go hungry.

But if they delay in their appeal St. George has to fight with one hand tied behind his back, and though he puts up a mighty fight on behalf of the oppressed, none can foretell the outcome of the battle; and while he is generally victorious, there have been occasions when the saint has bitten the dust.

The purloins of the House of Healing are a curious sight in the morning. The dragon is no respecter of persons, and his taste is cosmopolitan. There are men clad in all kinds of raiment, from a Norfolk jacket "built" in Savile Row to a loin-cloth fashioned by

the wearer's wife; there are women in corsets and women with nose-rings, children in sailor suits and children in no suits at all. There is the British officer and the *babu* from Bengal, the British soldier and the *bunnia*, the planter and the policeman; the Sikh farmer and the Frenchman from a commercial house in Calcutta, the shaven-headed man from Bombay, and the Punjaubli with the oiled curls that cling around his neck; the twice-born Brahmin and the filthy *Sadhu* with ash-smeared face and yellow garment which leaves him nearly nude. Truly it is a wonderful collection of beings—high-born and low-born, from far and from near, Asian, Eurasian, and European, believers in God, believers in The Gods,—and all believing in the power of the House of Healing. This last article of faith is the sole bond that is common to all the sixty or seventy persons who await, day after day, the summons to enter the House.

But the crowd that is here to-day is not the crowd that will be here next month, or next week, or even to-morrow; daily others arrive to claim the help of the House. Half a dozen may leave to-day, and to-morrow as many more will come, or perhaps twice as many, for the House sets no limits. Nothing differs except the individuals; there is always the same stream of people of every sort and kind and color and religion, who, impelled by fear of the disease which they have not got, but of the possibility or probability of which warning has reached them, come to invoke the help that is never refused.

The laws of precedence do not hold in the House of Healing; by a reversal of the usual rule pride of place is awarded to those who have come last, and for the rest all must take their proper turn. The Brahmin must follow the sweeper, the police inspector must give place to one who looks every inch a thief, the private precedes

the colonel, and age for once must follow in the footsteps of youth. The man who comes for the first time this morning is, at it were, senior to the man who made his first appearance yesterday, and it is on these lines that the scale of precedence is regulated.

Punctually at the appointed hour the messenger from the inner shrine appears, and the patients are summoned in turn. The inner shrine in the House of Healing is an apartment simple to austerity; its sole furniture consists of a chair and a table, but on the table is a lamp, and on the lamp, watched by a white-coated acolyte, is the stuff that works the miracle—a yellow fluid in a glass jar. Surely the waters of Abana and Pharpar, the home-made remedies, the prayers of priest or wonder-worker or village quack, the attentions of one's own Edinburgh-qualified doctor, must be not less effective than that simple-looking yellow fluid?

There is certainly nothing impressive about it, yet those who wash in the waters of Abana and Pharpar suffer all the pains of hell before they die; while they who use this tawny Jordan eat their daily chupatties or their seven-course dinner with unimpaired appetite, until some other disease claims them. That is the difference,—Abana and Pharpar are just rivers, but the tawny fluid is itself a miracle, with almost boundless powers to work other miracles. A table-spoonful of this particular Jordan has more power, as regards the needs of those who come to the House of Healing, than all the other rivers of the universe.

The wondrous properties of the tawny fluid are in all probability realized more fully and marvelled at more keenly by the educated European than by the half-tamed man of the jungles, to both of whom alike it brings its benefits. The one knows more or less ex-

actly what it is, what it does, and how it does it; to the other it is but "the medicine," and it forms probably one of the smallest items in what constitutes a gigantic rupture of his ordinary daily routine.

Take, for instance, the case of little Basant Kor, who all her life had dwelt in a mud-built village. Once or twice she had been taken to a big *mela* or festival, but except for memories of those delightful excursions the world for her had consisted of the limitless plain dotted with villages and cut into little unhedged fields. She had never seen a hill, much less a railway, she could not read or write, and had never seen a *Sahib* (not that she wanted to set eyes on this last work of God); life for her, at the age of ten years, already meant work and little else, and though she did not realize it, it was work set within the narrowest and most circumscribed compass.

And then the dragon sent his message that he would shortly require her. Fortunately for Basant Kor, her father, although but an unlettered yeoman-farmer, was a man of some enlightenment; he hied himself to those in power, and forthwith his daughter found herself in a world she had never dreamed of.

She was taken many miles to the railway, the silver bangles on her ankles rattling as her tired feet made their way over the rough, hot country roads, she passed through the bazaar of a great town, dragging on her father's hand as her eager eyes tried to take in all that she saw around her of crowded streets, hurrying foot-passengers, uniformed soldiers, gay shops where were sold things to eat and things to wear. And then they arrived at the station, where her father, reckless man, did not even try to bargain with the man who sold him what was called a "ticket," and where they waited in a noisy crowd till the train

should arrive. It came with a roar that made Basant Kor shrink back in fear; ensued a rush for seats, and the bumping and the jostling so took away her breath that Basant Kor realized nothing more till she found herself, clinging as ever tight to her father's hand, in a crowded third-class compartment.

It was all wonderful, but it grew to be miraculous when the train started and they rushed through the countryside. It went just as fast by night as by day, till at length it got to a place where it could run no more, and Basant Kor alighted with her father. At the entrance to the station her father was bold enough to ask questions of one magnificent in belted livery; he was as kind as he was great, and he actually belonged to the place where they were going.

"That's the road," said he, "and there is the place." He pointed skywards, as it seemed to Basant Kor, and her eyes following his finger saw a sprinkling of white houses aloft upon what appeared to her to be a stupendous mountain.

She wondered how they managed to build houses away up on a place as high as that.

So Basant Kor and her father set forth, and ever they climbed up and up and up; before and on each side were more enormous hills stretching away as far as the eye could see, and cocked up against the most distant sky were more hills, still higher than the others, and quite white. But behind them lay the plains spreading away and away till they were lost in nothingness, and Basant Kor liked best to look backwards over her shoulder at their friendly and familiar flatness.

At last they reached the House of Healing, and Basant Kor was now so full of astonishment that her faculties of surprise were for the time benumbed. She had never before seen

a Sahib's bungalow, and as she sat on the tennis-court she admired very greatly the house that stood before her; it was snow-white and very high, and it looked as though it would neither collapse nor leak however heavy the rain that fell upon it. She was so busy examining the house that first day that she took no notice of the people who stood about its precincts, and she was quite sorry when a man called loudly upon her own name, and her father seizing her by the hand led her inside the wonderful structure.

Basant Kor cast her eyes in wonder round the room while her father spoke to a big man in a long white coat; besides him there was another Sahib who watched a little glass bowl of fluid, rather like ghee. When the big man and her father had made an end of talking, the other Sahib handed the former—something,—she was told to lift up her garment, the big man gave her a little prick in the stomach with the thing the other Sahib had given to him, and her father led her out again. That was all. And her father said it would have to be done every day for twenty days.

So every day Basant Kor went with her father into the big man's room, and before he pricked her he always asked after her health and sometimes he made a joke to her. She rather liked the big man, although her father told her that he was very great and held in his hands the power of life and death. And it was very interesting and amusing sitting out in the sun with all the people who were awaiting their turn to go into the pricking-room; they used to tell each other of how the summons of the dragon had reached them, of how much money they earned every month, of the prices of things in their respective neighborhoods. Some of them talked strange languages, too, of which Basant Kor could not understand a

word, and she liked to listen to the funny way in which these talked.

The Memsaibs perhaps caused her the most astonishment, for they wore strange and wonderful garments and went in at the waist in the most curious way; once one spoke to her, but she could not understand what she said, so she smiled and ran back to her father in great embarrassment, while the Memsaib laughed after her.

But all good things come to an end, and the day came when Basant Kor was pricked for the last time, and her father and she, leaving the quarters provided for them near the House of Healing, made their way down the hill, took again the wonderful train, and so went home. Her father was glad, for it was near the time of harvest, and necessary for him to go home, but Basant Kor was sorry. Being a true woman, she loved the world.

And she really thought nothing about the daily prick and the little glass bowl of yellow fluid; they were not connected in her mind with all the wonderful things she had seen.

But it is not every one who regards the yellow fluid with the same detachment as did Basant Kor; for instance, Kalan looked upon it with the eye of fear. When Kalan received the dragon's warning he would have preferred to disregard it and to take his chance of evil consequences, and it was only the positive commands of his employer which made him come to the House of Healing. Kalan is a sweeper and he fears pain only more than he fears work or trouble of any kind: Kalan is base-born, wherein he differs from Basant Kor, who comes of good stock; his face is very black and his liver is very white, and what is but a prick to the small girl is something very like a stab to the grown man. Curiously enough, he and Basant Kor are always summoned together, and the contrast of their demeanor is cu-

rious. The girl holds her father's hand and takes the syringe with a smile; the man, who is something of a swash-buckler while out on the tennis-court, slinks in as though he is going to be flogged, he is seized and held by the messenger while his base hide is being perforated—for he who winces must be pricked again,—and then adjusting his raiment with trembling fingers he sidles out with all alacrity. Kalan's attitude in the room is not edifying; he evidently hates Jordan and longs for the warm shallows of Abana and Pharpar.

Basant Kor and Kalan furnish a contrast in demeanor, but the soldier and the Sadhu who follow them are at the very poles to one another, not only in demeanor but in everything else; each perhaps is a type of the country that begot him—the Tommy long and thin, with pink cheeks, careless smile, and hurrying steps; the "devotee," the self-styled holy man, with his most unholy face smeared with ash to a horrid whiteness, his surly expression, his half bare and wholly plump brown body, his tapping staff and very deliberate pace. Surely there was never such a contrast as is presented by these two who enter the room in succession, the cheerful worker who earns his own bread and the sullen drone (who has perhaps a sting) who eats at the expense of others.

The soldier goes in smiling, clattering over the stone floor in his hobnailed high-lows; he is still smiling when he emerges, and he seems to regard the pricking-room as part of a great medical joke. He joins his friends outside with a jest, and his place is taken by the holy man, who shuffles barefoot over the ground, his staff tapping on the stone floor; he casts back his soiled yellow garment as he enters, making his body still more nude than before, he receives the needle with holy stoicism, and he emerges with his head

bowed on his hairy chest as he examines with interest the new little puncture that adorns his well-nourished stomach. Then he stalks off through the crowd with his air of sanctified sulkiness. It is difficult to love the Sadhu, or to feel that he is in any way a brother. Were he on his side to feel fraternal, one cannot help believing that his sentiments would be as those of Cain towards Abel.

The odd thing is that he is here at all. His sort are really the relics of an older time, and they are not usually associated with anything so clean, so scientific, and so up-to-date as the House of Healing. However, his presence is but a proof of one thing, namely, that East or West, wild or tame, washed or unwashed, holy Brahmin or very base-born sweeper, we all have one common bond—the fear of the dragon that has sent us to the House of Healing.

The East and the West, in the persons of the soldier and the Sadhu, have really proved the poet to be wrong, for the twain have met at that admirable institution. And what is more, they have met on terms of perfect equality, for, as was said before, the House of Healing is democratic. Its doors are open to all, and if an Honorable Member of Council desires its aid, he has only to arrive at 10.30 A.M., and he will receive with Basant Kor and Kalan, with the soldier, the Sadhu, and the rest of us, the magic cure which is effected by the tawny fluid.

It would have been interesting to ascertain the different circumstances in which all the applicants to the House of Healing had received their injuries: some had a leg bandaged, others an arm, others a hand, and one came with the middle part of his face swathed in a white cloth, above which his eyes peered out full of wonder and astonishment at what they beheld. This man was a wild-looking person, of whose

raiment the white cloth on his face formed at least a half—or would have done so but for the blanket with which the House of Healing had provided him, and without which he would have been almost naked and quite unashamed, and probably very cold upon those breezy heights.

He was a man of the jungles, and he hailed from somewhere in Central India. One night he was lying on his string bed outside his squalid mud hut, which lay upon the outskirts of his squalid mud village; it was parlous hot, and one might have thought that the heat emanated from the brilliant white moon which, riding high in a clear starry sky, drew inky shadows from every clear-cut tree and bush. A deep hush and stillness lay upon the world; not the least whisper of a breeze, not a cry from the jackals, not a sound from any night bird, broke the dead silence of the hot-weather night.

Presently the sleeper stirred uneasily, and awaking, rose to drink water from the earthenware "chattle" which stood close against the wall of the hut, and then, lying down again upon the bed, fell once more into uneasy slumber.

But fate and the dragon were upon him; a beast came trotting steadily from the deep shadows of the jungle, ran swiftly across a brilliant patch of moonlit ground, half-vanished in the murky shade cast by a bush, emerged again into the light, and made straight for the sleeper. Exactly what happened, a watcher, had there been one, could not have seen, for the man was lying in the dark shadow of his hut; but as the trotting beast passed away the sleeper rose with a cry, his hands pressed to his face, which was streaming with blood.

Anon fear came upon him; followed a journey to a certain near city, where he interviewed the civil surgeon at the civil hospital. That officer applied the

white bandage, and, sending an urgent telegram to the House of Healing, despatched the man of the jungles to the distant hills which he had never seen. Travelling in a continual state of surprise, which far eclipsed his fears, he showed his "chits" to important officials, such as ticket-collectors and guards, who passed him from train to train, putting him in and ordering him out of railway carriages, till, half-dazed with the sudden strangeness of his transition from village life to the busy bustling world, he at length reached the House of Healing—where he received what he stood most in need of in the shape of food and apparel, as well as of treatment.

There was a time when the House of Healing was not. One does not like to think of that time when it did not exist in this land of the dragon; for he, whom we all fear, straddleth, like Apollyon, across every way. Even now the House perhaps touches but the fringe of his victims, but the fringe is a wide one, and it numbers very many hundreds in a single year; and so great is the fame of the House and of its achievements that a second House has already sprung into existence, and a third is being created, in other parts of the land.

The house is maintained by those who wish it well, and its chiefest supporters are the great Government of the land and the lesser Governments of the provinces; district boards and municipalities lend their aid, and even railway systems, which are not usually connected with works of benevolence, transport free of cost those needy ones who demand the protection of the House.

Therefore it would seem that the Governments, greater and less, are still in some respects our Ma-Bap, our Father and Mother.

As I was wending my way down the hilly road towards those hazy plains

which had already swallowed up Basant Gor, I met a large party of patients who were being conveyed to the

House of Healing. They were to be

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the sacrifice that the House demands, and they were to bear the ills of the people.

They were rabbits.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Of the many magnificent palaces that line the granite embankment on the left side of the Neva, between the Liteinyi Bridge and the Bridge of Nicholas I. at St. Petersburg, that of Baron Anselm de Kolberg, the Jewish banker, was perhaps the most magnificent. He had bought it from a prince, the bearer of one of the proudest names in Russian history, whom insensate extravagance had brought to ruin. There were some, chiefly among the baron's co-religionists, who said that his acquisition of the mansion was rather a piece of ill-advised ostentation; but that did not trouble Baron Kolberg very much. He was not the man to subordinate his private predilections to other people's opinions. Else he would not have been Baron Kolberg.

Through the window of his luxurious study, where he was awaiting the return of his son Felix, the baron looked thoughtfully out upon the streets. It was near midnight, but the mighty city was still bathed in a sea of light. There it stood, a gigantic lie, cloaking beneath its thin European veneer all its semi-Asiatic savagery. Under its mask of ultra-modernity lurked the reactionary barbarism of the Middle Ages. The free, unfettered life that surged through it might have stood as the emblem of all that was meant by liberty and progress. Instead, it was the anvil upon which were forged the chains of galling servitude that turned a whole nation into one immense slave-gang. Its brazen laughter, its fev-

ered gaiety, rose loud and discordant, and drowned the agonized cry of suffering millions. From the hour of its birth it had exacted a merciless toll of countless lives that were spent in redeeming the soil upon which it reared its pinnacles from the grip of the pestilential swamp; and ever since it had gone on glutting its greatness and splendor on human blood and sweat, and flourishing exceedingly on the fare, until in its pride and stony disdain it had become what it was now—a fit monument of the relentless might of the Muscovite Empire.

Baron Kolberg, as he watched the panorama before him, shook his head as though in answer to some secret misgiving. A soft tapping at the door broke in on his reflections.

"Well, Sebastian, what is it?" he asked, turning with a kindly air to the old man who entered.

"I only wanted to know if your excellency required anything. Perhaps a glass of hot punch? It's a little chilly to-night."

"No, thank you, Sebastian; I'm quite comfortable. You had better go to bed."

"Your excellency's pardon, but I have never yet gone to bed while any one was up in the house, and I won't make a beginning now."

"Very well. I don't suppose Master Felix will be long."

He watched the old major-domo withdraw with an almost affectionate look. Sebastian was one of the heirlooms of the Kolberg family, and one

of its most valued. Besides, the baron reflected, Sebastian was the only one living now who shared his greatest secret.

He turned back to the window, falling again to his former meditations, and again shaking his head at his silent thoughts. Presently the door opened noiselessly, and his son Felix entered.

"What are you denying so emphatically, father?" asked the young man, with a smile.

"The advance of civilization, the coming of the millennium—many things, in fact. I hardly know where to begin," replied the elder man pensively. And then his voice assumed a lighter tone. "But it's rather too late to-night to start moralizing. Tell me, did you have a good time?"

"Oh, excellent! I think it was the best performance of *La Bohème* they have ever had at the Opera here. And then I was a bit of a lion," continued Felix with a laugh. "Crowds of people congratulated me on my picture. Everybody thought it a great thing that a firm like Holzmann should have bought it the very first day of the exhibition."

"Oh, did they think so?" said the baron with an almost imperceptible smile. "Let me see. I presume you were in the Kowalevskis' box?"

"I was," replied Felix a little curtly.

"Who else was there?"

"Only Madame Kowalevski and Vera."

"Did you see them home?"

"In my motor. Theirs had gone to fetch M. Kowalevski from a reception at the French Embassy."

There was a pregnant little pause.

"By the way, Felix," resumed the baron presently, "has anything been said as yet between you and Vera?"

"Not in so many words," was the somewhat hesitating reply; "but we understand one another. I like her, and

I think she likes me. And other things being equal!"—

"Quite so—other things being equal," interrupted the baron, seating himself ponderously in his chair. "But, you see, they are not. As you know, there can be no talk of marriage between you and Vera until the little difference in your respective religions has been adjusted."

"I am quite aware of that, father."

"But I don't know whether the Kowalevskis are. They are not the kind of people to spend their time poring over the statute-book. As a matter of fact, there's not so much necessity to do that for real orthodox Russians as there is for—ahem!—us Jews. But of course they would be bound to give the question their serious attention when it came to making definite arrangements between you two young people. Their family solicitor would no doubt not omit to tell them that Vera by marrying a Jew is laying herself open to—I don't exactly know what it is, capital punishment or exile. At any rate, it's something very disagreeable. They would hardly take kindly to the idea of their darling little Vera working in a platinum-mine, even in company with the man of her choice. In Siberia she would probably not find sufficient facilities for the champagne baths which I understand her doctor has ordered her."

"I thought you were aware that that was just the reason why I have not yet made any formal proposal," said the young man moodily.

"I am aware of it. And therefore we might seize the opportunity of thrashing the matter out between us. This seems a fitting psychological moment. Sit down, Felix."

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was shown in the outward appearance of the two men, a contrast which did not seem altogether accounted for by the differ-

ence in their ages. Neither in feature nor in figure was there the least resemblance between this father and son. The baron was short, almost undersized, portly in gait, and his face was cast in a correspondingly heavy mould. Felix Kolberg, on the other hand, was tall and slender, with features delicately cut and a sensitive mouth that vibrated readily to every impulse of his artistic nature. Strangely enough, he showed as little resemblance to the late baroness, a half-length portrait of whom occupied the place of honor over the baron's writing-desk. It was a cold, stolid countenance, in which the Teutonic and Semitic types blended to the effacement of either. She had died some sixteen years back, and the baron had not replaced her.

During the pause that had ensued the baron had been dipping into a cigar-box, choosing among its contents with a deliberate care which seemed significant of the anxiety he felt to put his thoughts into appropriate words. The occasion demanded it.

"The position, my dear boy, is this," he said at last. "We—that is, you and I—are occupying a distinctly anomalous place in our environments. We move in a certain class; but we are among them without being of them, and we are not allowed to forget it. Every now and then we are given a sharp reminder that we are admitted into St. Petersburg society only on sufferance. We are not even looked upon with the indulgent condescension which is the lot of parvenus. We might eventually live that down. No; the misfortune is that we are allowed to ascend to whatever height we please in the social scale, and yet the sharp line of demarcation follows us wherever we go. In fact, everybody admits that I play a great part in the world, that I am a financial and even a social force to be reckoned with; but even the

people who press my hand most gratefully for the profitable investments I make for them, who are most effusive in their praise of my dinners, go away shaking their heads and whispering to one another, 'What a pity he's a Jew!'

"So much the worse for them," said Felix dryly.

"Admitted; but unfortunately also so much the worse for us. And what makes this state of things all the more regrettable is that it could be so easily remedied. It is merely a question of label, of outward conformity. Convictions do not enter into the case. I have only to be received into the bosom of the Greek Orthodox Church, and my racial origin is forgotten—or at any rate forgiven."

"But you are a free agent, father," said Felix, avoiding the older man's gaze.

"Not altogether. For one thing, I am bound by a matter of sentiment. I gave my mother on her deathbed a half-promise that I would not abjure the faith. I have kept it, and am willing to keep it so far as the considerations concern me. But there is yourself and your career."

The young man's brows lifted in astonishment.

"My career!" he echoed. "I should have thought that that was pretty well assured. At least, there is every indication of it. My picture in the Imperial Gallery"—

"Your picture in the Imperial Gallery!" said the baron, spacing his words. "Yes, that is a case in point. My dear boy, you force me to a humiliating confession. Your picture was not accepted on its merits solely. The chairman of the selection committee told me that it was undoubtedly the finest work of the year. But it was their duty to give native—that is, orthodox Russian—talent the preference."

"Still, what does it matter? It got

in," exclaimed Felix a little impatiently.

"It did; but the gold that got it in was not entirely confined to the frame."

"Father!" exclaimed Felix, shocked. "You see what you have to expect," the baron continued, unperturbed. "At every turn we strike against obstacles, and you know even the hide on an elephant's shins will wear away if he runs up against things long enough. And now comes this difficulty about Vera, and I think it's time we made a clean sweep of all difficulties for now and for the future."

"What do you suggest, father?" asked Felix dully.

"I haven't quite decided on my course of action. Having waited so long, it's only right I should not be too precipitate. I want to think the matter out in all its bearings. I am afraid my apostasy will make something of a sensation. It will be a great blow to my co-religionists, who have come to look on me as one of their staunchest champions—I don't know on what grounds, because I have never put myself out for them. So I want to see what I can do to minimize the effect. But I can't do it here."

"Can't do what here, father?"

"I can't do any thinking in this noisy, tumultuous city. I must be quiet and undisturbed for a while. Where shall we go, Felix?"

"Well, what about your summer house on the Krestovskiy Island?"

"Where I should meet all my acquaintances of the Bourse and hear nothing but quotations and market-prices from morning till night!"

"A cruise in the yacht, perhaps."

"I should be seasick all the time."

"I have it, father!" exclaimed Felix after a short pause. "Why not go to your estate near Tribunalska?"

The baron looked up, a startled look on his face.

"Oh, no, no! that's quite out of the question," he returned hastily.

"But why, father?" insisted the young man. "You have often made me wonder about it. Here is a splendid property, from which you derive a certain portion of your income, and yet you seem to make a point of ignoring its very existence."

"I have no time to bother about it. It's administered by an excellent steward in whom I have implicit confidence, and that's sufficient for me."

"But, if you will permit me to say so, father, it's not altogether fair to me. I think you ought to let me satisfy my curiosity about a possession which one day—I hope to heaven it will not be for many years!—may be mine. You don't know how often I have felt tempted to slip away quietly and go there by myself. I bear it has some of the finest scenery in the world. It might inspire me to some good work. And I should think you will find there all the solitude you want."

The baron had risen to his feet and paced the apartment once or twice. Then he turned and faced his son with an air of resolution.

"Very well, Felix; I think I may risk it."

"Risk it! Where's the risk?"

The baron looked a little confused, as though he had committed himself.

"I mean— You see, here again we are hampered by our disabilities. A ukase has lately been issued forbidding Jews to take up their residence in the country without special permission. I don't like to lay myself open to a re-buff. We might be refused."

"What, and the Minister for the Interior lunching with us to-morrow?"

"Well! well, I'll see what I can do with Gardanoff. I'll open for him a bottle of the '54 Tokay. And now, my boy, to bed. I'm glad we've had this talk, although I'm not sure that it has brought us any further."

"Well, at any rate it has brought us as far as Tribunalska," said Felix, smiling at him affectionately.

"Yes, as far as Tribunalska," echoed the baron under his breath. And as he shook hands with Felix the latter could not help noting and wondering at the troubled look of retrospection that had come into the older man's eyes.

CHAPTER II.

Some four days later the baron and Felix were installed on the Tribunalska estate. They had made the journey in the powerful road-car, which had brought the whole country-side out of doors in a panic of wonder at the rushing monster. It told the two travellers that they were going off the track of civilization into the heart of primitive life, and they were not sorry at the fact.

"Ah, here one can breathe!" said the baron, throwing out his chest, as he stood gazing through the windows of the country-house upon the vast stretch of upland before him.

"With one's lungs no less than with one's brain," added Felix with a smile of content.

The baron nodded. The days that had intervened since their departure from St. Petersburg had impressed on him more deeply the necessity of thinking out the task before him. It did not seem to grow easier by becoming more familiar. It was one thing to neglect the outward observances and rites appertaining to his ancestral faith, and another to abjure that faith altogether. There were the instinctive bonds forged round his heart by centuries of tradition. There was also the voice of conscience which made him shrink from the thought of becoming a perjurer to his dead mother.

And yet in the same degree that his scruples had increased, so had his temptations. The very morning after

his conversation with Felix the Minister of Finance had called on him, and the recollection of that interview made the baron's heart beat high with the exultation of realized ambition. It was indeed a brilliant chance that lay fair within his reach. As yet he had said nothing of it to Felix. His sense of honor made him loath to influence the young man's decision by any considerations save those which had strict reference to Felix's own particular view of the question.

The country-seat stood in the centre of the estate, surrounded to the radius of a mile by spreading corn and grazing lands, which were fringed off in the distance by the famous Orodwaya pine-forests. The massive pile turned its dazzling white façade in a sort of majestic aloofness to the little township huddling abjectly in a hollow some two miles to the south. He owned that township. Three generations of his forefathers had ruled it from this big white house with a patriarchal sway. He was the first of his line who had left it for the wider domain in which his life had since been lived. He had gone to St. Petersburg to find an outlet for the great capacities with which he knew himself to be endowed. In no very long time he had made himself an assured position in the very forefront of *la haute finance*. His share in the negotiating of a foreign loan had brought him his patent of nobility.

And yet he was fully aware that all this had been a mere side-issue, almost an accident. It was neither the desire for nor the hope of worldly advancement that had sent him from Tribunalska twenty-three years ago. It was the same reason, too, which had induced him never to return to it during all that time. He had no need to specify that reason to himself. It was summed up in one word, one name —Felix. One could never err by keeping on the side of safety. If he had

prevailed on himself to come now, it was because he thought he had allowed a sufficient margin of safety. After all, twenty-three years was not a day. A period long enough to change the map of the world, to pull down old dynasties and set up new ones, was surely long enough to wipe out the danger he wished to guard against, a danger which no doubt had for a good long while existed only in his imagination.

To Felix himself there never had come the shadow of a notion that he was in any way connected with the baron's reluctance to return to his paternal home. His uppermost feeling, from the moment they had arrived, was an exhilarating sense of spaciousness and freedom. He seemed to have shed all that was artificial and exotic in his life. Things had been reduced to their natural value, to their proper perspective. The episodes which only a few days ago had loomed so large in his mind had lost their aspect of tragedy. The incident of the picture and its bearing on his career had become almost farcical. He was afraid that even his relations with Vera Kowalevski did not appear to him so serious as his father perhaps thought or wished. She was a very charming little thing—but only a little thing after all. It was paying her a compliment to allow her to figure prominently in any large scheme of life. He reminded himself that he was still carrying in his pocket the letter he had written to her yesterday. He would take a stroll down to the town or village, or whatever the nondescript heap of hovels over there chose to call itself, and add a postscript that he had gone to post the missive himself instead of entrusting it to one of the servants. There was no harm in feeding her vanity with trifles.

He set off at a brisk pace, his step elastic on the velvety turf, his blood tingling with the crisp breezes that

blew over the heights. It felt good to be alive. If he had his choice he would never go back to the mephitic magnificence of the capital. But of course that was impossible. His father's wishes had some claim to be studied. But he would come here again at the earliest opportunity.

He was half-way through his walk without having paid any particular attention to his surroundings. But the nearer he approached the township the more subject he became to the strange sensation that was stealing over him. He did not know what to make of it. Unconsciously he slackened his step as though to tread warily in his effort to give it shape and meaning. And at last it resolved itself into a curious feeling of homeliness, of vague familiarity. More and more it became impressed on him that he was not setting eyes on these places for the first time in his life.

It was absurd. He knew for a fact that he had never been here before. And yet almost at every turn there came to him subtle intimations as of remembered things. Out of the dim vista of the past there uprose shadowy intuitions that were apparently based on actual facts. His memory seemed to turn into a palimpsest from which the superimposed impressions were being gradually rubbed away, revealing the originals they had concealed. He grew impatient at this hide-and-seek game his fancy was playing with him. He would put himself to a practical test. He paused at a bend of the road. If his imaginings were true, there should be behind that intervening hillock the little Jewish cemetery of the place. As with a vague backwash of reminiscence there recurred to his mind certain white headstones it had contained, and again he experienced a thrill of the childish terror with which the sight of them had filled him at night in that mysterious past to which he

was harking back. He held his breath as at some impending catastrophe, and then resolutely he turned the corner.

An involuntary cry broke from him. Yes, here—gleaming in the sunlight, but with all their dismal associations stamped upon them—rose the white gravestones of the little burial-ground.

There was no doubt of it, this was not his first visit to Tribunalska. Probably he had been here during his earliest childhood, in the first dawn of his intelligence. He felt more than a passing wonder why his father had never mentioned the fact. But beyond that he gave it no further thought for the time being. There were other things, sights and sounds, that claimed his attention.

As he set foot on the outskirts of the town it was plain to him at first glance that something unusual was going on in it. An air of gloom hung like a pall over the place. An ominous quiet hushed the narrow, crooked streets with an almost palpable presentiment of disaster. Through the low lattices of the wretched dwellings could be seen wan, grief-stricken faces, and crouching figures flitting about the rooms with a sort of furtive and hunted haste. It seemed as though the indwellers were hiding from the menace of an invading enemy. And indeed quite a military aspect was given to the scene by the presence of a number of soldiers patrolling the streets with fixed bayonets. Another group was standing still, holding several bloodhounds in leash. Puzzled and vaguely uneasy, Felix passed several of the sentries, and then stepping up to a non-commissioned officer, he slipped a silver coin into his hand.

"What has happened here?" he asked.

"Nothing. It won't happen till later," was the gruff but not ill-humored reply.

"And what is that?"

"Not much. Only a few Jews to be expelled from here."

"To be expelled! Why?"

"Because they've been living here without authority. There has been a revision of the list of those who have domiciliary rights; and all those that haven't must go."

"How many?"

"Just a few—two or three hundred."

"And where are they going?"

"Back to their kennels, the dogs!—to the Pale of Settlement. There's enough room for all of them there."

Felix bit his lip, but forebore from making any retort. No doubt the man would have been more polite in his expressions had he known that his interlocutor and his interlocutor's father belong to the same breed as these so-called dogs, and that nevertheless the local prefect of police had deemed it worth while to call and pay them his respects. Felix was glad that the man did not know. That was why he was now getting at the truth.

"And what's all this parade about?" he resumed.

"A guard of honor," laughed the sergeant. "We have to keep a sharp lookout on them, else they'd give us the slip and skulk about in the forest; although I don't think they would be doing themselves much good by that," he added, swinging his arm with sinister significance in the direction of the straining bloodhounds.

"Is there no chance of their getting a respite?" asked Felix in as off-hand a tone as he could muster.

"Not the least. They have made their petitions. They're always making petitions. The answer came back last night that they are not to be shown any leniency. If they resist, they will be driven at the point of the sword. A few of them"—he uttered another ugly laugh—"may have to be carried on ambulances, or possibly in their coffins."

Felix nodded silently and turned to

go, sick at heart. For the first time in his life he had come face to face with the great and grim tragedy into which the life of his people had shaped itself. He saw them hounded like pariahs, uprooted from their homes, and driven into exile. He saw them the sport of gratuitous cruelty, which made a holiday of the pain and heart-break of its unoffending victims. Even the wretched existence they had eeked out on this barren spot was grudged to them. And their destination was the Pale of Settlement, which was no more than the Russian equivalent for Leper Island, to swell in its circumscribed area the cry of misery that ascended to heaven, to join in the fratricidal, the almost cannibalistic, struggle for life that went on among its herded millions. Perhaps that was why his father had never allowed him to come here. Perhaps he had wished to spare him the knowledge that the splendors and luxuries of their St. Petersburg palace had such a set-off as the horrors he had witnessed to-day. He did not know whether he had reason to be grateful to his father for keeping him in a fool's paradise.

He was in no mood yet to go back to the big white house. He had to think these things over for himself before he faced his father again. He struck out along a disused path. Through an

Chamber's Journal.

(*To be concluded.*)

opening in the hedge he caught sight of the figure of an old man toiling painfully up the hill leading to his father's house. Felix stood still, vaguely fascinated by the spectacle. That old man was to him symbolical of the never-ending pilgrimage of his people. He might be the legendary Ahasuerus, whose doom had become perpetuated in that world-wide passion-play on which the curtain never fell. And again, as he watched him, that stoop-shouldered graybeard became to Felix no mere allegorical type. Between the two of them there seemed to undulate some magnetic wave of sympathy connecting them as by a close personal bond.

Felix turned away with a sense of fear. He was letting his imagination run riot with him. He must come back to everyday things and feel the earth solid under his feet once more. He tried to immerse himself in the wild beauty of the surrounding scenery. There was so much here to appeal to the artistic instead of the emotional side of his nature! He would look about and mark out a spot or two to which he would come to-morrow with his sketch-book.

And meanwhile he was forgetting that he still carried Vera Kowalevski's letter unposted in his pocket.

Samuel Gordon.

SOCIAL UNREST IN AMERICA.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT IN AMERICA.)

That the possession of riches does not necessarily bring contentment either to a nation or to an individual is conspicuously illustrated by the present condition of the United States; for in proportion as the American people grows richer, it seems to grow more discontented, and it is impossible for

one who knows this country well, on returning to it after an absence of some years, not to be struck by its extraordinary and feverish unrest.

The fundamental fact is that many people have grown rich too quickly. At any time up to the last few years it might generally be said that through-

out the smaller towns of the country, especially in the West, the rich men, the most "prominent citizens" were the best men in each community. They might not be the most cultured, but they were men who had made their own way under hard conditions, who had "grown up with the country," who had built up large businesses by their own labor and were men of character and integrity. Now a new condition has arisen.

In the decade from 1897 to 1907, and especially in the first few years of the new century, fortunes were made with great rapidity—in a few weeks, a few months, or in a year or two. They were the result of the extraordinary rise in all values, and were to a large extent the fruit of bold speculation or at least of speculative methods in the conduct of legitimate business. It was no longer a case of laborious effort and slow upbuilding; and the men who thus became suddenly rich were of a type different from that of the successful men of the preceding generation. It was as if chance drew a certain number of thousands of names almost at random out of a hat once in every six months for a period of some five years, and said, "These men shall be millionaires next spring."

The newly rich who thus came into their estates, without the long years of stern training in business economics, were conscious of no responsibilities, and not unnaturally they began spending, and are spending to-day, with a lavishness formerly undreamed of; and this it is, more than anything else, which has contributed to the general increase in extravagance and to the almost universal raising of the scale of living. But, what is even more important, the attitude of the public towards them is different from its attitude towards the rich men of the older type. Without saying anything so absurd as that all these newly rich

are unworthy of their fortunes or are using them in unworthy ways, one cannot help seeing that the example set by many of them is unedifying. The public feeling can perhaps best be explained by analogy.

After the close of the American Civil War, in what is known as the Reconstruction Period, the defeated South was over-run by a horde of Northern politicians sent down to fill the various offices and to put the administrative machinery of a Government in operation again. They were, of course, looked upon as aliens by the white men of the South, and, from the fact that they presumably carried all their worldly goods in carpet bags, were generally known as "carpet-baggers." Though there were undoubtedly excellent men among them, it was inevitable that there should be many of another sort, and the finer feelings of the South were perhaps more outraged by what it was compelled to go through in the days of Reconstruction than by the actual defeat in the war. "Carpet-bagger" was, and remains, a name of contempt and loathing. In, let it be granted, less degree, but in much the same spirit, the American people as a whole now looks upon the new—the "carpet-bag"—rich. There is something of the same feeling that these men have been thrust upon the country by accident, as it were, and from outside. They are not the ruling class to which the people has been accustomed. It resents being over-run by them.

That the West should feel and resent the change in conditions even more than the East is intelligible. Until recently life, even in the larger towns of the Middle West, was comparatively primitive and domestic; the standards were still the standards of the earlier days and a certain simplicity of taste marked the living even of the rich. Fortunes have, however, been made as rapidly there as in the East; and indi-

vidual examples of lavish living are necessarily more conspicuous in the smaller communities, and the sudden change to a new plane of expenditure has there been more acutely felt. The population of nearly all Western towns has increased rapidly in the past decade, but the character of the towns has changed out of all proportion to the increase in population; and the West feels that whatever is bad in the new conditions is not of its making. It blames Wall-street for the extravagances of the speculative mania and for the violent fluctuations in values.

The Western agricultural States look on Wall-street as an alien thing, and it arouses their wrath that its corrupting influence should pervade, as it is supposed to pervade, the affairs of the nation, and, even more, that their own af-

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fairs, the prices of wheat and corn and of all staples, should be subject to its manipulation, and that it should be able at one time to plunge the whole country into depression and at another to force the price of commodities up to a point whereat it becomes difficult for the mass of people to live upon its income.

The United States is now confronted with problems which are new, and in the solution of which the experience of other nations (even if the American people were ever inclined to profit by the experience of others) will be of little use. Unrest and discontent in a people down-trodden and poverty-stricken would not be much of a novelty; but here we have a people conspicuously restive and discontented while conspicuously well-to-do.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF HOSTESSES.

Life is such a ticklish business at its best that it is hard indeed that such accessory functions as dinner parties, which all wise men would avoid if they could, should be a means of adding to our difficulties. Yet don't they?

Who is there that has not now and then blundered with his partner—who is there that has not now and then blundered with her partner—before the entrée, simply through insufficient information being given by the hostess as to the name, standing, antecedents, relatives and friends of the stranger?

As it is, what happens? "Oh, Mr.—er—Mr. Barr, I want to introduce you to your partner for dinner, Mrs. [here a mumble]." Mr. Barr says that he is delighted; he is led to Mrs. [mumble]'s chair and they prepare to descend the stairs, he in his usual doubt, owing to total ignorance of precedental rites, as to the precise moment when he should offer his arm and make

for the door, and then walking as if on hot iron for fear of stepping on the dress of the lady ahead of him. They take their seats, and after the usual openings—just now *Salomé*, the Post-Impressionists, and *Marie Claire*—they get to the staple of all London conversation, men and women.

This is where trouble is liable to begin, because one cannot discuss men and women without expressing opinions, and so small is the world and so mischievous is chance that Mr. Barr's partner is probably first cousin to his *noir'est bête*. Always a peril, during election time or any critical period of politics this risk is far greater, when feeling runs high and dislikes are intensified; and during the past few weeks some perfectly horrible things must have happened at what should be festive and genial boards.

Now there are two protective courses which might be pursued. (1) The

guests might arrange to provide their hostesses with a complete list of the subjects on which they intend to talk and the names of prominent persons that they will introduce. The hostess could then apportion them according to Party and general temperament, or if she had no ladies quite in tune return the list with a few editorial suggestions, such as "Better not say anything about *Winston*." "Your partner is a great admirer of *Strauss*." "They have a *Gauguin* on their staircase." The guest could then modify accordingly.

But perhaps a better way is to throw the whole burden on the hostess, who, after all, must pay the price of giving dinner parties. Let her (2) supply each guest, either on the evening, or, preferably, before, with a full account of his or her partner, written very clearly. Thus: "You will take in Lady Peters. She is the wife of Sir Ferdinand Peters, the Rand magnate. She was a Miss De la Porte, the daughter of a London magistrate. Sir Ferdinand is one of the largest contributors to the Tariff Reform funds, and a personal friend of Mr. *Chaplin* and *Austen*. He has the best English collection of *Melsioniers*, and won the Porterhouse Stakes at Ascot this year. Lady Peters has written two novels under the name of 'Henry Stiles.' She col-

Punch.

lects fans, and has a home at Byfleet for orphaned Suffragettes, but never appears at meetings or takes any active part in the propaganda. She is a friend of the *Trees* and also *Herbert Trench*. Her brother is on *The Times*." That is not, of course, a complete biography, but no man with any brains should fail to make use of such pointers. To have anything but an amicable meal with such an assistance would argue one utterly tactless and unworthy of his hostess's hospitality.

For the ladies the hostess might write something like this: "You will be taken in to dinner by Mr. Flitt. He comes from Devonshire and is about twenty-eight. He rowed in the Cambridge boat. His father hunted big game. He is a Conservative, but not one of the rude witty ones. He is at the Bar and unmarried. He collects Japanese prints, and has translated one of *Matilde Serao*'s novels. He wants encouraging to do some original work." These cases presuppose a knowledge by the hostess of her guests —rather a large order. When, as is more likely, she knows nothing of them, they must furnish an autobiography. Where they are really famous she would have but to write, "You will be taken in by Mr. So-and-So. See *Who's Who*," page 287.

THE PEACE POLICY OF PRESIDENT TAFT.

At the Congress convened recently in Washington by the Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes, leading men from all parts of the Union were present—statesmen from President Taft downwards, great lawyers and jurists like Mr. Root, eminent diplomatists like Mr. Choate, presidents and ex-presidents of universities, business men and financiers, and mu-

nificent friends of peace like Mr. Carnegie, Mr. Ginn, of Boston, and Mr. Marburg, of Baltimore, to the last-named of whom, along with Dr. Brown Scott, the calling together and successful management of the Conference were mainly due. Other countries—France, Holland, Great Britain, Canada, &c.—were, of course, represented, and those who took part as invited

guests felt deeply grateful for the warmth of their reception. But it was an American gathering in the best and fullest sense. The sanguine and active genius of that wonderful nation, its confidence in law, its sublime belief in the progress of the world towards a constitutional union, in the pursuit of which all the forces of education and skilled organization are to be marshalled, regardless of expense—all found expression and emphasis. The first day's proceedings were marked by Mr. Carnegie's capital gift of two million pounds sterling (the cost of a small Dreadnought) for the endowment of peace. And the meetings terminated in an immense banquet, at which President Taft announced that the most powerful nation of the world is so well satisfied with arbitral justice, and so much impressed with the folly of war as a means of settling international disputes, that it is ready and willing to submit without reservation any differences which it cannot solve by diplomacy to the adjudication of a properly constituted international tribunal. This declaration, strong, sincere, deliberate, and premeditated, was hailed with unanimous enthusiasm, not merely as an abstract and platonic expression of the national will, but as the presage of a coming treaty which will remove for all time the possibility of war between the two great branches of the English-speaking peoples.

Apart from the project of a special treaty between Great Britain and the United States, which is certainly in the air, the Government of the United States is believed to have two important international projects on foot. The one is the appointment of an international committee or commission among great Powers for the purpose of arriving at a mutual understanding for the restriction of the rivalry in armaments. No proposal could be more opportune, and our only regret is that

the initiative has not come from the British Government. The second project is that with which the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes is particularly identified, namely, the institution at the Hague of a supreme international court which should be a permanent institution, always sitting and always ready to entertain and adjudicate disputes arising between nations. There are a very large number of international disputes, especially those springing from individual claims, which ought to be settled by purely judicial process; that is to say, by litigation rather than by arbitration. A certain amount of international statute law already exists in consequence of the Conventions and Treaties which have from time to time been ratified. There is also, of course, the Common Law of Nations, as expounded by a long line of international jurists from Grotius, Puffendorf and Vattel downwards to our own time. It is the confident hope of our friends in America, headed by Senator Root, one of the most eminent of living lawyers and statesmen, that a well constituted International Tribunal may be able in the course of time by its decisions to consolidate and develop a living body of international law with rules of interpretation and procedure, similar to those by which the supreme courts of independent nations are now guided. The conception is noble and practicable. A project so fruitful of beneficent consequences should assuredly be welcomed by every civilized Government. Much, of course, would depend upon the constitution of the court; but we should have little fear of failure, and the establishment of such a court, so far from impairing the value of arbitration, would certainly enhance it. Arbitration and litigation will always have their special spheres in international as well as individual disputes. There are some classes of cases, such

as boundary disputes, in which two nations will probably always prefer an arbitral compromise to a strictly judicial decision, because it is one of the main purposes of an arbitration, while awarding substantial justice, to leave the parties good friends, and to give something to the loser to enable him to save his face. But as in national systems, so in international, it is most desirable that arbitral tribunals should be supported by a supreme judicial court to which vexed points of law may be referred.

A message from the Lord Chancellor, which was read by an English guest, expressed strongly, but not too strongly the services of the people and government of the United States to International Justice. Mr. McKinley and Mr. Roosevelt no doubt, by their protective and imperialistic policy, may have contributed to the feelings of unrest and distrust and jealousy which engender international passions and stimulate the accumulation of armaments. President Taft's policy represents in most respects a welcome return to moderation. A day or two before the Washington Conference a military scare was suddenly sprung on the public by the disclosure of a confidential report, according to which the American army, though for its size the most expensive in the world, was in a shocking state of unpreparedness, and quite incapable of resisting invasion. It was just the occasion for the Yellow Press, and if there had been a sufficient amount of inflammable material a dozen matches would have been applied. But the American people are not in the mood for panics. Nearly all the leading newspapers ridiculed the scare, and President Taft with the utmost promptitude turned on the hose and put out whatever sparks remained. He said that the army was quite large enough, and that the nation would not tolerate any extension. The high cost

of the army, he added, was by no means to be deplored, for it serves as a useful deterrent to militarism. The policy of the administration is generally economical, and even the naval appropriations have been substantially reduced. Mr. Knox, the Foreign Secretary, indeed, is understood, as we have signified, to be proposing a scheme for the limitation of naval armaments, which should make for an understanding between Great Britain and Germany.

The only item in the President's policy which runs counter to pacific ideals is his plan for the fortification of the Panama Canal, for which he is very anxious to secure the assent of Congress and the Senate. The Canal, which is now approaching completion, is a truly international work, executed at immense cost by the United States. If its safety required protection by forts there is no reason why other Powers should raise treaty objections. But there is a very strong sentiment in America against the project. First, there are the economists, who say that the money is needed at home; and certainly there seems to be a dearth of capital for railways, roads, and other works that are urgently required. Then come the navalists, who say that the only real protection for such a canal is the possession of a strong fleet. Contractors for floating forts are thus pitted against contractors for fixed forts, and an army of naval experts has been called in to testify against the fortification idea. Lastly, there are politicians, statesmen, and publicists like Mr. Tawney and President Murray Butler, who say that forts will be a danger rather than a protection, for under the Hague Convention the Canal works could only be attacked if they were fortified. The only real protection for the Canal is neutralization by international guarantee, by which all civilized Powers, whether belligerent or

neutral, would be bound to see that it was kept free and open. No doubt it will need to be carefully patrolled and policed, but forts, it is urged, would be a quite ineffective way of preserving the Canal from the dynamitard. What the American Government wants, no doubt, is to secure that the Canal may be a means of enabling it to concentrate its fleet rapidly on either the Atlantic or the Pacific, thus doubling its potential value and relieving the nation of the necessity for maintaining two large navies—a necessity which arises from the continued exertions of Japan. From the British point of view there would be no objection to a stipulation that in time of war no belligerent vessels other than those of the United States should be entitled to make use of the Canal.

Perhaps the most satisfactory and inspiring feature of American politics to English visitors is the ever warmer feeling of regard entertained in all parts of the Union and by all classes for the Old Country. In America the peace and arbitration movement seems to be backed by general sentiment.

The Economist.

Probably the ambassadorship of Mr. Bryce, who is universally beloved and admired, has had a good deal to do with this international *entente*. But the success of Anglo-American arbitrations from the Alabama dispute to the Newfoundland Fisheries Award of last summer has contributed powerfully to the belief that in future the two Powers can co-operate over a large area of policy, and that the time has now arrived when provision can be made for the settlement of all future differences, without exceptions or reserve, by diplomatic, arbitral, or judicial processes. A powerful stimulus comes from Canada, whose Parliament is about to present a unanimous resolution in favor of this course. Nothing one can well believe would give more satisfaction to President Taft, and here the return of the Liberal Government paves the way for its realization. There never was a more favorable moment or a more splendid opportunity for statesmanship of the highest order to effect a great treaty of permanent peace between two of the most powerful nations in the world.

THE CARE OF HEALTH.

It is pitiable to see the men and women doomed from infancy to a life of physical suffering; it is pitiable to see strong men and women shattered and maimed by some cruel accident, or with constitution undermined by poisonous conditions of daily labor; but it is still sadder to make even the roughest estimate of the men, women, and children whose health has been ruined in ordinary domestic life for no reason but the grossest ignorance of knowledge which could be more easily acquired than the arts of reading and writing.

Specialists on hygiene are apt to fall

into such a state of mind that their books and lectures convey a general impression that the acquisition of health demands so much knowledge, so much leisure, the endurance of such oppressive restrictions and the performance of such strange and violent exercises, that its possession must be the rather doubtful privilege of a minority too harassed and anxious to enjoy it.

"There is no such thing as health," a doctor once told me. "There never has been. There never can be. It is only a matter of degree and comparison. A is more ill than B, or C is

less ill at fifty than he was at forty, and I am better to-day than I was yesterday, but no one is well."

Experience of life under unfavorable conditions convinces me that with a little knowledge and an amount of self-discipline which would soon change into the lightly borne yoke of good habits, the degree of health possessed by our poorest wage-earners might be sensibly increased. It is waste of time to represent Nature as a goddess demanding complete subjection, and health as a reward bestowed on those, and those only, who unfailingly obey every one of her laws. If this were so, ignorant, self-indulgent humankind would never have conquered and possessed the earth and bent its forces to their use in the way that they have done. The truth is that Nature is an easygoing ruler, offering many alternative courses to her subjects. There is scarcely any one of her so-called laws which may not be occasionally, or even consistently, defied, provided that others are obeyed. Teachers of hygiene tell us that personal cleanliness is imperative, that well-cooked food is necessary, and that good ventilation is indispensable. In the meantime some of the strongest men in the country never have a bath, and pass their nights in rooms with about a third of the "minimum" cubic space. As a specimen of the food commonly eaten with impunity by men engaged in heavy work, I was told by a Scotch surgeon that in his native county the most usual method of making porridge is to shake oatmeal into boiling water, cook it for two minutes, and then serve it sprinkled with raw oatmeal.

But all this affords no excuse for needlessly defying Nature; it only proves that it is possible even for the poorest and worst circumstanced among us to be subjects sufficiently loyal to be able to maintain a fair degree of health. All that is needed is

settled determination to make the best of surroundings instead of the worst, a little elementary knowledge, and the steady practice of habits of thrift. Not thrift in the narrow sense of saving, as many of the persons concerned are so poor that saving, except to the limited extent of making the best season provide something to mitigate the hardships of the worst, may be out of the question. The thrift required, and often so sadly lacking, is the skill which draws a penny-worth from the expenditure of every penny, and renounces any luxury which would deprive the home of decencies and necessaries.

Unsatisfactory conditions of domestic life affect a man comparatively little, except in as far as he may have been exposed to them in early childhood, or if they should drive him to seek consolation in strong drink, or amusement in gambling. If food is scanty, his share cannot well be reduced; if it is coarse and ill cooked, his more vigorous health and outdoor life enable him to endure it. If the house is damp, or dark and ill ventilated, he is exposed to it for less than half as long as his wife, and his clothing, like his food, cannot fall below a certain level of comfort and decency as long as he continues to work among his fellows. If he should meet with a serious accident, he will almost certainly be nursed in hospital, and in the case of an acute illness he is far more likely to be sent to some institution than his wife would be if she contracted the same complaint.

Children of school age also partly escape the effects of bad housing and poor domestic economy, and thus only the mother is exposed to the full brunt. Probably this is why she is slow to recognize the need and possibility of reform. "Law! it's only me. *I don't take no heed of it so long's me husband and children is all right.*" Where do selfish girls go when they marry?

This is a question that has often suggested itself to me on my daily rounds. Small trace of them can I find! The working-class mother seldom regards herself as an individual; pain must be very acute, danger imminent, before any sense of personal rights or duty to herself can be roused, and even then the quickening motive is a sudden inward vision of "what might happen to 'em if I was took." When persuading a woman subject to bronchitis, and with a bad family history of rheumatism or phthisis, to buy a mangle and wringer in preference to a piano, it is useless to tell her that her sufferings should count before her little daughter's very doubtful pleasure: one can only dwell upon the inconvenience caused to the whole family when she is ill, or the needless discomfort endured by her husband if the half-wrung clothes are "still about" when he returns from work.

Many of the greatest injuries to health are caused by cold, unsuitable clothing, reckless over-exertion, indifference as to proper drainage and water-supply, and needless exposure to infection. Nothing but regular teaching in schools and continuation classes, and the combined efforts of district visitors, district nurses, and other house-to-house workers, aided by the provision of brief and suitable "earthly tracts," will ever bring home to the ordinary laborer's wife a full sense of her duties and opportunities as guardian of the family health. The fact of infection, except for a chance outbreak here and there of selfish panic, is still far too little felt. A friend of mine, staying in a West Country town, was told that a woman whom she knew had, as an act of charity, first spent two hours in the room of a small-pox patient, and then played the organ in a crowded church. In reply to her horrified remonstrance, she was told tauntingly: "We are not afraid," and could

only reply: "Then you *ought* to be afraid!"

Serious ill-health often results from the excessive value placed by a woman on a small monetary gain, coupled with her indifference to the expenditure of time and strength absorbed in earning it. A delicate woman living on a tiny pension and the produce of her garden refused in my hearing to sell a sack of potatoes, although the would-be purchaser offered to fetch it from her house and pay for it immediately. She afterwards told me that she preferred selling potatoes twenty pounds at a time and carrying them in a basket to the customer's house, perhaps two miles away, because in this way she could get a slightly higher price. The fatigue and exhaustion, even the wear and tear of clothes, and the risk that the potatoes, if too long kept, might turn bad, all counted for nothing. She happened to be a country woman by birth, but thirty years of her life had been spent in London. The story is characteristic of a certain stage of mental cultivation, and has no necessary connection with either urban or rural conditions.

One of the most lastingly injurious forms that can be taken by the maternal ignorance of the requirements of health is the belief that there is "plenty" for a daughter at home, and that there is "no need" for her to go out to work,—with the natural result that she is presently unable to do so. I recently went into a dirty, neglected house where a pale, white-handed woman, wrapped in a shawl, sat over a fire reading a fashion-book. It was a sunny afternoon in May. Her widowed mother, in receipt of an old-age pension, and with some small additional means, and still earning a trifle here and there, explained that she was anaemic. Thinking that the best plan would be to get the young woman out of such unfavorable surroundings, I

asked her if she would not like to take a light place as a servant. She replied that she would, "just for a change," adding with a fatuous, conceited air, "but I've never been out anywhere except as a teacher."—"What position did you hold?"—"I was assistant infant mistress at F——. It was before Mrs. M. come. There was changes then, and I had to leave." Mrs. M. had been Head-Mistress for seventeen years, and this woman was barely thirty! For all those years her mother had allowed her to idle and starve at home, while she herself toiled and scraped and pinched. Their furniture was old lumber, their clothes were in rags. How they kept soul and body

The Spectator.

together until the pension was granted passes understanding, and if the mother died to-morrow the daughter would have no resource but the workhouse. Needless to say, the mother was buying patent medicines for her; but when I asked if she had any milk, the reply was:—"Oh, yes, she likes it. I generally get a drop of a Friday when I'm passing down that way."

"Unchartered freedom" put to such uses as this may well rouse a passing desire for the discipline that Socialism would bring in its wake, though in saner moments we realize that "Hasten slowly" is our safest guide to the far-distant goal of sound national health.

M. Loane.

THE SOUL OF WIT.

This is an age of condensation. Even our mania for speed is but one phase of this universal passion, for pace-making is but the attempt to put the maximum of space into a minimum of time. The youth who, when asked why he wired in applying for a berth instead of writing through the post, replied by wire, "No time write full these days fierce comp.," was the successful candidate. And this is the tendency of the present age. It is just the same with men as machines. The individual who can produce more work in a given time necessarily in the scheme of universal economy passes and supersedes him whose energy or power of concentration is less. Even artists and men of letters are not excepted from this stress of competition, and the reader of the day shuns the leisurely and voluminous essays, philosophy and fiction of yesterday, and prefers the volume which can be read at a sitting, or, better still, a newspaper or periodical which presents the news and topics

of the day in short, concise paragraphs. An idea in the current journalistic jargon may be best defined as a short cut to something, a new and shorter way of doing something which hitherto has taken more time. And all progress proceeds upon these lines or by an incessant simplification or series of short and still shorter cuts.

It is the custom of the literary, the leisurely, and the elect to condemn this passion for speed and brevity as a race without any goal and as an utterly unreasonable madness leading only to anarchy or lunacy. It is, they cry, an age of snippets. Now, in this warning there is much wisdom, and it would be folly not to give it heed, but it requires some qualification. It may be said that there is some reasoning in all folly, and the passion for brevity, for news rather than vaporish verses, for facts rather than fancies, for remedies rather than consolations, for prevention rather than compensation, and for speed rather than slack-

ness, is no exception to this principle, and is, perhaps, but the perversion of a natural instinct.

For if we think of the matter more carefully we shall find that there is nothing evil in itself in this ideal of brevity, but rather good, for it is the natural manifestation of mind in the attempt to conquer matter. Its object is merely to annihilate mass and make mind the supreme master of the situation. According to Benedetto Croce every man is *in essentia* an artist, and, although it may seem to propose a paradox, nevertheless this labor is but the incessant, if sometimes misdirected, effort towards expression. Brevity is the natural aim of human endeavor; nay, it is even the law of evolution in nature. Nature always goes by the nearest and shortest cut, or, as Emerson has it, proceeds by a continual process of falling. To do anything which has hitherto appeared impossible, whether it has any immediate or present object or not, or to break a record of any kind, is in its aim artistic, if not in its accomplishment. Likewise the man who discovers a new fact, a new law of nature, a new planet; the explorer who penetrates hitherto unknown countries, is not less a poet (perhaps more) than the maker of inspired verses, the creator of ideas and images. The individual who does even anything in a new or better way, or who does something which has not been done before, is, in some degree, according to its importance, a poet. There is a very simple manner in which any man may become a poet if he cares to be one. It is by going to any place into which no man before him has ever put a foot. Who, reading the narratives of Captain Peary and Sir Ernest Shackleton in the right spirit, did not feel that these men were poets? Or again, which contains the most true poetry, the histories of Captain Cook's voyages, of the travels of Mungo Park

and Columbus, or the fictitious narratives of "Munchausen" or Louis de Rougemont? But this is a digression. Howbeit, it is a fact that all men are in essence artists even in action, their common aim towards conquest, knowledge, and power, which are but other words for brevity.

And if this is true of action it is not less true of art and literature. Let us sneer at the snippet as we may, but the fault is not one of dimension. It would be possible to dismiss the meditations of Marcus Aurelius, the maxims of Seneca and Epictetus, or the *Pensées* of Pascal, as snippets on the score of dimension. But art and truth, and, although it may be a trifle precipitous, we may add brevity itself, is not merely a matter of dimension. If the snippet is merely a snippet, then one may ask whose fault is that, the reader's or the artist's? There is nothing inconsistent with truth in brevity, and there is no limit to what may be said simply and naturally in half-a-dozen lines, if a man only has something to say, and the art to say it. The value of the "snippet" depends upon what has been said in it. Nay, if a man really has anything impressive or urgent to communicate, it is to be suspected that it will not be long before we arrive at the matter of it. It would be too startling to propose that the importance of any oration diminishes in inverse ratio or by the square of the time taken to deliver it, though there would be some whimsical truth in such a proposition. But it may be proposed without any reverse whatever that there is nothing which would not be improved by condensation if this could be accomplished without injury to, or loss of, the complete expression. One cannot say, for instance, that *any* poem of five verses is better than *any* poem of six verses, but one can say with confidence that if the matter of the six verses could be put into five it

would be better. There is no value or excellence whatever in mere dimension as dimension, and there is nothing in literature which would not be better for being shorter if—omnipotent if—it could be made shorter. But, paradoxically, some poems, like Browning's "Sordello," and other pieces, are generally too short for brevity, and require lengthening or amplifying in order to abbreviate them. As it has been said, brevity is not merely a matter of dimension, and it is from this misunderstanding that the evil and stress of much modern competition arises. It defeats its own object. The shortest way is in experience not always the nearest. If one cannot swim, rivers can only be crossed by boats or bridges.

Therefore let not the much-despised snippet be despised on the score of brevity, but only for more reasonable objections, as, for instance, that there is nothing in it, and this is often the fault of even larger works of ten or even a score of volumes. The literature of the future will probably consist largely of aphorisms, varying in length from six words to, perhaps, six hundred thousand. And therefore will it resemble more or less closely the best literature of the past. But still, as a rule, it is to be remembered as an axiom that one cannot obtain majesty in literature by mere mass. Books are not mountains. Even an epic of a thousand volumes would not attain majesty; it would merely not be read. Coleridge, Byron, Poe, and others, it will be recollected, declared a

The Nation.

long poem a contradiction in terms, Poe allowing an hour, then half-an-hour, and, finally, about a hundred lines for a composition of this kind, and much can be said for this view. One might even carry it further and affirm that it is true also of prose compositions. In fiction the unity towards which every work should approach as nearly as the design permits is the anecdote; and of the prose essay, the unit, although difficult of attainment, should be the aphorism, the phrase, or the epigram. It is, of course, impossible always to attain this form, the work sometimes falling short by hundreds of thousands of words, but, if these are necessary to it, it will not be a colossal failure. Some account must be made of the original distance to be traversed, the burden to be conveyed, and other disadvantages.

There is, therefore, let it be concluded, not a little logic in the instinct which demands from the artist something that can be easily cognized, and it is from the same natural instinct that the unsophisticated person always views with suspicion a very long literary exercise as being not likely to contain any matter of very urgent importance for him. It may yield him a good deal of pleasure if he can get over this original disinclination and give the time to the reading, but he would always prefer that it should be shorter, and, moreover, he always thinks that a book could be, at least before he has read it. And if he still thinks so when he has read it, the artist has failed of this reader.

RUSSIA AND GERMANY.

When Russia has turned eastwards in pursuit of a policy she has generally become entangled and weakened, and when she has confined her attention to

Europe she has, as a rule, done herself credit. There is much speculation as to what happened at M. Sazonoff's interviews at Potsdam; but, whatever be

the truth about details, it is fairly certain that Germany has been turning Russia's attention away from Europe. We do not say this in a cynical sense. It has long been obvious that Germany was awaiting the opportunity to discuss the affairs of the Middle East, and she would have wished to do so whether the tendencies of Russian history had been as we have stated them or not. But it was not to be expected that the German newspapers would fail to remember the secondary consideration that Russia fully employed elsewhere is less of a check on German predominance in Europe. A Turco-Persian dispute, for example, would leave Russia very little time to prosecute her ancient championship of the Balkan Slavs in the face of Austria-Hungary or Pan-Germanism. Although the details of the Russo-German discussion at Potsdam are not yet known, an alleged draft of a formal Agreement has been published by a London newspaper, the *Evening Times*, and it is nowhere denied that this draft has an air of probability. It is in four clauses. By the first Russia agrees not to oppose the Baghdad Railway; by the second a connection *via* Khanikin is provided for between the Baghdad Railway and the proposed Russian line in Northern Persia; by the third Germany agrees not to oppose Russian railway enterprise in Northern Persia; and by the fourth Germany is guaranteed "absolute equality of treatment" for her commerce in Persia. We do not say that Russia would lose in any way by this arrangement; but the German move is unquestionably clever and advantageous from the German point of view. The promise of equality of treatment for German commerce would be absolutely secured by the joining of the Baghdad and Persian systems. We cannot ourselves, however, conceive of any trans-Persian (or Indo-European, for that is what it comes to) system of

railways being run successfully except on the principle of freedom for all. Great Britain is not in the least likely to depart in this matter from her constant policy of the "open door." Nevertheless Germany is wise to turn strong probability into certainty. We always look on with pleasure at the destruction of monopolies, and if there be truth in the reported Agreement, there is not the least chance of Russia trying to make a monopoly out of her proposed railways in Northern Persia.

So far so good. The vision of a railway from the Caspian to British Baluchistan comes nearer realization if German jealousy has been appeased, and we are unfeignedly glad to think that this is so. But there must be still more behind all this. It stands to reason that Germany would not have arranged for the linking up of the Baghdad and Persian systems if she did not see her way more easily than before to the completion of the Baghdad Railway. Now it was always understood that Russia, France, and Great Britain would not join in the Baghdad Railway scheme without reference to the wishes of each other. We may assume, therefore, that Russia made known her policy in advance to Great Britain and France, or has managed to make promises without compromising the interests of either. We await further information on this subject with some concern; meanwhile we may accept the assurances that the negotiations have had, and still have, nothing to do with the relations of the Triple Alliance and the Triple *Entente* in Europe. The negotiations are said by German inspired papers to have been conducted on the assumption that the arrangement of power in Europe must needs remain as before. The first anxiety lest this should not be so caused a flutter throughout the whole Press of the Continent; but after M. Pichon's speech on Thursday we

need not hark back to the alarms and excursions which are already almost forgotten. We concern ourselves, therefore, only with the affairs of the Middle East and the Baghdad Railway. Even if Russia has given more than she has received from Germany, it is to be remembered that her experience of two years ago is still hot in her memory, and that when she has to meet German demands she may well think that it is better to give way to them quickly, so long as they are within reason, than to delay till they are exacted by an alarming spectre in shining armor. Russia and Germany, let us suppose, have become more friendly than they have been for some time past in concluding this "deal" in the Middle East. Why should forebodings be caused by that? Surely they are not only unnecessary, but betray an entire misunderstanding of the character of the Triple *Entente*. No political group was ever so devoid of jealousy as the Triple *Entente*. Any member of it is pleased to see any other member on better terms with its neighbors. That is alone a sign that the *Entente* is a League of Peace, and never forgets its function. When France came to an understanding with Germany in Morocco, it never occurred to Russia and Great Britain to say or to think that this new friendliness meant less Russian friendship for themselves. Similarly there is nothing whatever to excite our mistrust in the fact that Russia comes to terms with Germany, —nothing, we mean, in the fact of agreement in itself, though we may still learn, when the truth is known, that Russia felt herself obliged to yield more than she liked, and more than is to the advantage of either Great Britain or France. However that may be, Germany no doubt reckons that her understanding with Russia will make her dealings over the Baghdad Railway easier with both Great Britain and

France. It is necessary, therefore, to recall briefly the past history of the Baghdad Railway, and to point out the dangers which we must make sure of avoiding in the future.

In 1903 Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne very nearly committed the country to an outrageous proposal, and the debate in the House of Commons almost made one think that most Members became aware for the first time that Great Britain had need of a definite policy in the Middle East. The country was very nearly persuaded to co-operate under a deed of partnership in which British votes would have been in the minority, and which would have enabled Germany to do almost what she liked. We have never taken a dog-in-the-manger view of the scheme; we could not possibly object to Germany building the line on her own responsibility; but we did, and always should, object to British investors being advised by their Government to put their money into an enterprise on extremely unfavorable terms. The danger was fortunately discovered in time. In 1909 Herr Gwinner, of the Deutsche Bank, formed a new company on the Council of which German predominance was again assured; it consisted of four Germans, an Austrian, a Turk, three Swiss, and three Frenchmen. We should always advise investors to avoid an international scheme of this sort unless the Great Powers have equality of representation. When the Foreign Office—as it did in 1903—goes out of its way to recommend such an enterprise to investors words can hardly express our astonishment. So far only one section of the Baghdad Railway has been built: that lying on the easy plain between Konia and Eregli, where construction was extremely cheap. Little more was needed than to put down ballast and to lay the line upon it; scarcely any bridges or culverts were required. The difficulties are all

ahead; the Taurus Range has to be penetrated, and after that the line will run through dangerous and difficult country, much of which is so barren that it is impossible to expect a good revenue from freights. It is true, however, that circumstances have changed a good deal since the original scheme was launched; Germany and Russia are no longer at loggerheads, and Great Britain need no longer be a conductor to carry off their ill-humors; Germany has probably weakened a great deal in her refusal to admit the British proposal that the Persian Gulf Section of the line should be in British hands; and a partial acceptance of the scheme would no longer bring Great Britain into conflict with Russia.

The Spectator.

But we hold that if Germany (who now frankly adopts the scheme, instead of allowing herself to be represented by Herr Gwinner) approaches Great Britain again on the subject, certain conditions are indispensable to British assent. One is that Germany should spontaneously relieve Turkey of the grossly unjust kilometric guarantees. Another is that our co-operation in the scheme should have the approval of the Turkish Government. We have only to add that in speaking of the Gulf Section as being under British control we altogether exclude the possibility of a dual or international control of the railway generally. That could lead to nothing but friction and tension.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Dr. Addison Ballard's "From Talk to Text," a second edition of which is published by Sherman, French & Co., suggests, in spirit and purpose, the author's later book "From Text to Talk" in which the order is reversed. Like that, it is a group of brief discourses, each conveying its own independent thought, but all bound together by a common purpose. They are at once practical and deeply spiritual, a combination not always achieved; and they serve well the author's purpose "to point through Nature an easy way to Faith."

Dr. Lyman Abbott's "The Spirit of Democracy" (Houghton Mifflin Company) is an important contribution to the study of contemporary conditions in the United States, not merely in politics or in industry, for the author uses the word "democracy" in a broad sense, but in education, in domestic life

and in religion. The substance of the twelve chapters which make the volume was delivered in a series of lectures in Brooklyn last winter, and something of the style characteristic of direct address lingers, but it is only to add pungency and force. Dr. Abbott has a clear perception of existing relations and conditions, and he reviews them neither to exalt or to disparage them, but to discover what in them demands improvement and through what agency the improvement may be secured. Earnest, practical, just, and on the whole encouraging and stimulating is this thoroughly up-to-date presentation of American problems.

The only fault that can be found with Fannie E. Ostrander's story of "The Boy Who Won" (L. C. Page & Co.) is that the boy into whose hands it is put will be reasonably certain

not to lay it down until he has reached the last page; and study, home responsibilities, and even meals and sleep will have to wait until that moment when the very last of the adventures of the "white Indians" who figure in the book is told. Happily this will not take long, for the four hundred pages, more or less, are easy reading, by reason of their large, clear type as well as their absorbing interest. Altogether, boy readers will find the story an entrancing one, full of incident, bright and diverting from the beginning to the end. There are six or eight excellent illustrations in color by R. Farrington Elwell. The same publishers add to their "Roses Series" a pretty story "A Little Shepherd of Provence" by Evaleen Stein, which turns upon the bringing back from Damascus, in the time of the crusades, some precious cuttings of the roses which came afterward to be called "damask." A peasant boy is the little hero of the story, and it is into his hands that the stranger knight entrusts the cuttings. There are six illustrations in color by Diantha Howe Marlowe.

It was to be expected that the "Reminiscences" of the late Goldwin Smith would be exquisitely fair, and not a line of them traverses the expectation, and, much as it is to be wished that the book had been begun years ago before an unfortunate physical mishap prevented him from making it as good as his best work, Englishmen, Canadians and Americans have reason to be grateful for them. A representative middle-class Englishman, university-bred and wearing university honors, he remained the firm friend of the United States throughout the civil war, and later received his reward in accusations of being a "Southern sympathizer," and a friend of tyranny, because he could not simultaneously be

at peace with all the political parties in Ireland. As one reads the list of those whom he knew and those whom he had seen one thinks of Methuselah. From the tinder-box in the nursery and the village-stocks on the village-green—one passes to tamed electricity, and to doubts as to whether it be not sinful to punish criminals. In Goldwin Smith's youth, sober whist, not recognized as gambling ruled the social evening, and in spite of scandal about dissipation the respectable world in general stayed at home after dark. The sweeps yet suffered, Guy Fawkes yet amused the populace; Elizabeth's mulberries yet bore fruit in the gardens where they had been set to encourage her silk trade, and old-fashioned flowers still bloomed about them, not yet having been asked to sacrifice form to scent and size. No wonder Goldwin Smith said in closing his introductory chapter, "I feel as if I were writing of antiquity." But it was a spacious antiquity in which he lived, in touch with many interests and many persons, and it widened before him as he grew older and its catholicity of interest continued to the end, and makes anything like a summary of his thoughts and wishes impossible within reasonable space. One is likely to find something valuable on every page. The editor, Mr. Arnold Haultain, has judiciously avoided correcting the unimportant errors of repetition frequent in the manuscript, rightly preferring that writer shall face reader with as little intervention as possible. He has provided the best, most judiciously chosen series of portraits that has appeared in any similar book for many a long day, and as one goes from chapter to chapter and sees the work of each shown on the fine features and in the expression of steadfastness one feels that he who accepts the invitation of the book, "Grow old along with me," is fortunate indeed. The Macmillan Co.

America searches for the great American novel and finds—What does she find? What has she found? Other countries remain tranquil and to them come novels which they call great, and here is France with the modest seven volumes which she accepts in a fashion reminding one of the Richardson and Scott traditions, and two smaller scions of fiction from other hands are flourishing in amazing fashion, to say nothing of M. Bazin's modest little grove of green bay trees. What has come to the "pleasant land"? This hugest of all the new arrivals, M. Romain Rolland's "*Jean Christophe*," a minutely detailed history, a searching analysis of the days of the years, and of the soul and heart of a man. First comes an account of his ancestors more circumstantial than history has left us of the Edwards, and Fredericks, and Charleses, and Josephs, of whom we flatter ourselves that we may mould heroes of little romances to amuse girls and boys; and, as one reads it, one thinks rather, "Now, how did M. Rolland obtain this novel information about his hero?" instead of musing obviously and sensibly, "Where did he acquire the elementary acquaintance with the human heart and soul necessary to shape these creatures?" The tale is a musical novel, and it begins with the new-born hero's first impression of life, the terror forced upon his nerves and tissues irritated by a thousand new sensations, and shows him a miserable creature surrounded by miseries indisputably, perfectly possible, in accordance with natural law, yet horrible to him. His gruff grandfather, upright according to his lights, his drunken father, his silly, kind mother in turn control him and dispute possession of him with nature; and as he grows older among his mates, to him a barbarian race, with whom he disagrees,

then with his elders, who thwart him, at last with music which is more mysterious than all else, and more entralling, he is yet more puzzled and perplexed and lives from moment to moment never in certainty as to anything, continuously terror-stricken, fearing fear. Gradually, music becomes real to him but not as it is real to the rest of the world. He is a child violinist and composer, repeating in his own the experience of the typical musicians, Mozart and Mendelssohn; receiving an education, studying, growing, but always at odds both with individuals and with the world-spirit. His life is not really so extraordinary; it is a repetition of many a familiar biography, but M. Rolland makes one see it through the soul of him who lives it, bringing forth those emotions and passages which man conceals from man. Sorrow, hatred, passion, ambition, rack the boy. The knowledge of evil lacerates his soul, and as he comes into the actual world in which the genius and ambition and greed of man struggle for the mastery he feels anew the peculiar sorrow of the musician, the sheer impossibility of harmonizing his art and the requirements of a world willing to strangle his inner spirit to give him the means to preserve its bodily shelter, or to give him the opportunity to speak his thoughts. So the book leaves him on the way to Paris where he hopes for sympathy, for opportunity to be himself, for he knows not what end, but yet knows to be the only earthly end desirable for him. All this is the skeleton of a concrete story, acted by a great crowd of personages filling all the social planes between royalty and beggary, moving in half the mental atmosphere known to man. Here is the new book, a great French novel. Henry Holt & Co.